

German Theatre.

Translated

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Esq.

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. IV.

~~THE GERMAN THEATRE~~

Containing

OTTO OF WITTEBACH.

DAQUENT.

ABELAIDE OF WOLFENB.

FOURTH EDITION.

~~THE GERMAN THEATRE~~

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OTTO OF WITTELSBACH

OR, THE
CHOLERIC COUNT.

A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS

FROM
B A B O.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

FRIDRICH OF SCHLASS, *Emperor of Germany.*
 LEONH. DUKE of BRUNNEN.
 LOUIS OF WITTELSBACH, *Grand Elector of Rhine.*
 HENRY, } *Brothers of Otto.*
 EDWARD, }
 JOHN, REINH. } *Counts.*
 WILHELM, }
 CARLUS, a *Baron's Count.*
 MYSTAL, a *Baron's Count.*
 WILHELM, an *Imperial Herald.*
 SIR FRANKLIN OF RYVAL.
 WOLF, *Otto's domestic.*
 WILHELM, } *Otto's children.*
 EDWARD, }
 CARLUS, and another *inhabitant of Acha.*
 MYSTAL, in *Rhine.*
 THE CHIEFS of *Mordok.*

WOMEN.

LEONILLA, *Duchess of Brunnen.*
 CONSTANCE, } *Daughters of the Emperor.*
 ELIZABETH, }
 - *Knights, Warriors, Guards, Courtiers, &c.*

OTTO OF WITTELSBACH;

OR, THE

CHOLERIC COUNT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A gallery in the palace at BAVARIA.

Enter HEART and WOLF, on opposite sides.

Her. WILHELM, Wolf! what bring'st thou?

Wolf. Fraternal greeting from the Count Palatine to Henry, Count of Ansteth.

Her. Whence art thou come?

Wolf. From Witzelsbach.

Her. Where is my brother?

Wolf. On his way hither.

Her. Indeed! How long have you been in Bavaria?

Wolf. We arrived last night from the Emperor's court at our castle. By heavens, my Lord, you'll scarcely believe me, when I tell you we were only a week in riding from Aix to Witzelsbach. Hills and woods flew so rapidly past us, that we could scarcely see them.

Her. Why in such haste?

Wolf. My Lord, I'll tell you as much as I know of the matter. Hearing nothing from my master as

OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. ACT I.

five road but "more speed, Wolf, more speed," I once ventured to ask a question, my Lord. "So," said I, "why so much haste?" "At Brunswick," answered he, "I'll have my horse shorn that I may please the women." I perceived that he meant "Wolf, hold your tongue, and attend to your horse!"—so I asked no more of him.

Hen. To please the women at Brunswick! Him!

Wolf. But, my Lord, what means all this haste in the stable?

Hen. Know'st thou not that our Duke is to be married to-day?

Wolf. My Lord, I know it.

Hen. To-day, at noon, at the church of Hagen.

Wolf. Will he be married there?—I have heard nothing of it.

Hen. So I have heard nothing of it.

Wolf.—(To the Countess.)—I want no hen. I wish to see the Duke.

Hen. Whether at noon or late?

Wolf. Into the stable to see the horse.

Hen. That will not be admitted.

Wolf. How? Not admitted!

Hen. No, not a knight dare enter the Duke's apartments unbidden.

Wolf. What! May not a Bavarian greet his Prince?

Hen. Stay here, Wolf. The procession will pass through this gallery to the church, and then will have a better view of it.

Enter Two Citizens of Munich.

First Cit. God be with you, noble Count!

Hen. Thanks, my friends; whence come you?

First Cit. We come from Munich to visit an appeal in behalf of the citizens to our Duke.

Hen. How goes it in Munich?

First Cl. Thank Heaven, well. Since *Absorbt* of Regé's followers and the Bohemians have ceased to molest us, we find good employment and subsistence. Would the whole empire were in its powerful state!

Wolf. It soon will be, good neighbour.

Sec. Cl. Ha! Wolf! Welcome home! Do you bring good news? Is the Count Palatine here too?

Wolf. He will soon be here.

Sec. Cl.—*To the other.*—Otto is coming. He will certainly assist us.

Her. Wolf, they approach. I must accompany the Duke to church. Should Otto arrive in the mean time, tell him his brother Henry rejoices in the hope of seeing him.

The procession appears. Fifty guards pass through the gallery, followed by many Knights and Nobles magnificently clothed. In the midst of them walks the Duke, supported by Egbert and another Peer. Henry joins them. After the Duke, walks the Duchess, supported by two ladies of rank and followed by others. These are succeeded by more Knights and Nobles, and fifty guards close the procession.

Duke.—*(As he passes.)*—Is not that Wolf, the fugitive of the Count Palatine?

Wolf.—*(Goes to him.)*—Your Highness is right.

Duke.—*(Stops.)*—What art thou doing herewithout thy master?

Wolf. He sent me to prepare for his reception.

Duch. Why do they not proceed?—*(The ladies tell her that the Duke is in conversation with Wolf.)*

Duke. My cousin Otto is coming to see *us*, then! I rejoice to hear it. But why did he send you? My palace is always ready for his reception. Farewell, Wolf. [Proceeds.]

Duch.—(As she passes.)—His presence must not be exactly necessary.

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Moment Wally, and the Two Citizens.

Wally. Why did you not make your appeal?

First Cit. We saw that the Duchess did not like to be detained.

Sec. Cit. She seemed angry because the Duke spoke to you.

First Cit. Well, we have lost nothing by the delay, for the Count Palatine arrives, our petition is supposed to be granted. He will never suffer a Bavarian to be aggrieved.—(Trumpets are heard at a distance.)

Wally. Hark! Now they are in the church.

First Cit. Don't you think the Duchess handsome?

Sec. Cit. Yes, very handsome.

Wally. True. In the whole procession, which seemed calculated for a display of magnificence and beauty, there was certainly nothing which could be compared with her person, but that she was offended when the Duke spoke to me—Hark! A Duchess of Bavarian blood would not have been so.

First Cit. Well, well! She, perhaps, did not mean it so. But, what news do you bring from the Emperor's court?

Wally. None but good. Sinsburg, Erfurt and Alk are ours. Well may I say so, for our Otto did most towards the conquest of them. Without him the Emperor Philip would but have been an arm without a sword, or a sword without an arm.

First Cit. How it delights me to hear such tidings! Yes, the name of Wallebach is the glory of Bavaria. Long may it continue so!

Wally. Thanks, countrymen! Don't doubt it.

First Cit. The Emperor will surely reward the Count Palatine most royally.

Welf. He will. Don't you know how?

First Ch. No.

Welf. He will reward him with the hand of one of his daughters.

Sec. Ch. What say you?

Welf. That Otto of Wittenbach will soon be the Emperor's son-in-law.

First Ch. *My friends!* How happy you make us! I wish, I wish, I wish you will let us drink to your health.

Welf. Yes, but I must wait till my life had it in my power to do so. I can only say, except that he is a brave and noble man, and may at last be crowned King of the Romans. No one rides thus but Otto.

Enter OTTO.

First and Sec. Ch. Hail to the noble Duke Palatine! Welcome, welcome to your native land!

Otto. Many thanks to you, dear Bavarians! He! Were not thou one of my followers when I fought against Albrecht of Bogen?

Sec. Ch. I was, my Lord.

Otto. Why, you told me you meant to settle in Munich.

Sec. Ch. And did so, too, my Lord. We two are deputed by the Citizens to make an appeal to our gracious Duke.—*(To First Ch.)—Speak.*

First Ch. My Lord, the city of Munich has received a command from the Emperor, which infringes on its rights.

Otto. The Emperor infringes on your rights, do you say? He is not apt to do that.

First Ch. It is his command that we should pay an annual tribute, of sixty-five silver marks, as a reward of the advantages we derive from the salt

trade. This has never been done in the history of man, and we therefore come to beg that our Duke would be graciously pleased to state it as a grievance in the imperial courts.

Otto. If it be not customary and just, you shall not pay the sixty-five marks.

First Cit. It is not customary and just.

Otto. Then you shall pay nothing.

First Cit. We will tell *the* citizens that we must not pay the tribute.

Otto. Do so, and greet them in my name.

First Cit. We return you thanks, my noble Lord. Heaven bless you and your children, that we may always know where to apply for protection!

Otto. Farewell, my countrymen! At Wittelsbach I would regale you, but here—

First Cit. Oh, to have seen you is a greater treat than any banquet. God preserve you, noble Council!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Wolf. I delivered your greeting to the Count of Andechs, and every thing is ready for your reception at the palace.

Otto. Know my brother I was coming!

Wolf. No. I thought he seemed surprised at it.

Otto. Where is he?

Wolf. In the church. Had you come a moment sooner you would have seen the handsome couple and the nobles of the land pass through this gallery. The sight would have been worth the trouble, I assure you, Sir.

Otto. Think't thou so, Wolf? No—we ought to have been more speedy—we ought to have been here a week ago.

Wolf. Merciful Heaven! We must have ridden on this wind, then. But why sooner? You are arrived in time for the celebration of the marriage.

Otto. That is exactly what I did not wish. Half

Enter Duke. Well, as you please.—*(To an attendant.)—*
 "Are the Count's rooms ready for his reception!—"
*(The attendant shrugs his shoulders.)—*Look after
 them instantly. Well, kinsman, I expect you.—
(They proceed.)

Meets OTTO and HENRY.

Otto. Henry!—Oh that I could compress my whole thoughts into one word, and declare what is passing in this boiling breast! Tell me—what think you of this union?—Brother, shrug not your shoulders thus instead of answering, nor look around as if some one were listening to us. Speak boldly—boldly as a man.

Hen. I wish the Duke had not done this.

Otto. Now by all that is good and holy, had I been here, it should not have been done. But I was the last, who was acquainted with it. Lewis's union was the talk of all the Emperor's court, ere I had learnt it. Is it thus that I am treated?

Hen. How! Did you receive no notice—no invitation?

Otto. I tell you, no. I should perhaps have been still in ignorance, had not the emperor assured me such was the case. He—he himself sent me to my kinsman's wedding.

Hen. I understand it not.

Otto. But when I tell you that not long ago I asked the Emperor to bestow his youngest daughter on my kinsman, Lewis, and was not refused—understand you, now, what all this means!

Hen. By Heaven, if this be as you say—

Otto. It is, it is. The Emperor sent me hither. Could he have any intention then to prevent this act of folly? He did not say thus much, but had I been, at that moment, capable of forming any other idea, it appeared as strongly in his tone, in his every

look, as it is at this moment given in my heart. By my faith, had any evil spirit wished to torment me with a delusory dream, the most crafty of all demons must he have been, if he had succeeded in filling my brain with such fancies. Oh! Heaven grant my anger may not make me as talkative as a court-eunuch!—Had any one told me that the fragment would fall upon us, I would have answered: "Let it fall!" but never can I tamely bear to hear that *Maximilian's Death*, while professing to be our Emperor's friend, has married a cousin of *Bohemian Ottome*, who clings as closely to the Duke of Brunswick as the iron to a horse's head.

Max. Brother, many things have lately happened, which have led me to suppose that our Emperor not only approves of this conjunction, but has even permitted us—*Maximilian's*—perhaps, have reconciled

Max. My uncle! Still who
 supposed deviation of
 encouraged Albrecht
 Maria, in order to ex-

Max. I am, in wrong, but my conjecture is not without foundation.

Otto. Explain, then, what you know!

Max. Not here, my brother. Retire with me to some place, where we can converse without interruption.

Otto. To converse without interruption I will go with you; but not as if I wished to creep into a corner, and in a smothered voice give vent to the sensations of my soul. My words are bold and loud; for I have not a thought which I am not ready to avow.

(Exeunt.)

Scene, an Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DUCHESS and WERNER.

Duch. Kneuman, I assure you his hatred and friendship cannot be so indifferent to me, and I know he hates me. His arrival has, doubtless, quite another cause than that which he declares. He is no the man, who would forsake the Emperor's cause for nothing, or for mere politeness. My husband has just informed me that he received highly important notice of our marriage. I am sure he will suppose me to be the cause of this, and policy dictated it; for had he gained earlier notice of our intentions, all my hopes would have been destroyed.

Wern. True, but why need you now be afraid of him? Your Lord's affections and your own privileges place you beyond his power.

Duch. What I am, I am become through affection, and no power is more wavering than that which depends upon the humours of a husband. My Lord is young, and I am not so vain as to build upon the continuance of his passion.—There are men, who, without fair-words and smooth discourse, obtain a safe command over another's inclination: Of these Otto is one. The force of his exploits gives him consequence throughout the empire, and, I have often observed that my husband feels a reverence towards him, mingled with fear. All this makes me uneasy,—I therefore wish you, cousin, to convert his opinions, and, if it be possible, to convert his hatred into friendship, or, at least, into indifference.

Wern. Be assured I will leave no means untried to gratify your wishes. I will hail to repair my hatred towards this haughty man, and devote my mind entirely to your service.

Duch. Enough! You shall find me not ungrateful—My husband comes.—More of this soon.

[*Exit Duchess.*]

Enter Duke.

Duke. My love, how can you so long deprive me of your company? You know, my heart thanks every moment lost, which is not spent with you. Why is your countenance less bright than hitherto? What lies so heavy on your heart as to detach you on this happy day.

Duch. My husband! My Lewis! What bliss is there in those words!—But let me not declare the trifling cause of my uneasiness, lest your affection should find some fancied consequence in a mere trifle.

Duke. I am not so distant thinks it—but let me know the cause, which now is the most sacred secret from me, I beg.

Duch. I have no secret from you, I beg, as usual.

Duke. I am not so distant thinks it—but let me know the cause, which now is the most sacred secret from me, I beg.

Duch. I have no secret from you, I beg, as usual.

Duch. I am certain that he hates me. He attributes me the cause of all the misery inflicted on Bavaria by Count Albrecht. To my charge he in his own mind lays all the devastations occasioned by the

'mercies of your Bohemian neighbors.—Must not this disgust me?

at Duke. Be at ease, my love. When he becomes acquainted with your noble mind, repentance for his error will be a sufficient punishment.

Duch. Believe me, as animosity as rooted is not so easily removed. To be convinced that I am innocent, it is necessary he should see with an unbiased eye. An object which is hateful through habit, appears ugly on every side.

Duke. Otto is really not malicious.

Duch. I am silent.—(He sighs.)

Duke. Darest, this successful look pleases my very soul. Tell me, what can I do to relieve you? If I speak to Otto. His heart is open, and his sentiments are on his lips: I shall soon learn whether there is any foundation for your uneasiness. Help me on.

Duch. I was just applying to Count Wenzel on this subject when you entered. I desired him to vindicate me to your cousin Otto.

Duke. Yin firm! Your need not be done by my wife. It is only the criminal, who needs defence. Who are you, and who am I? I own I should be glad that my Lisanna Otto approved of my choice; but to your perfection, and to no other motive, will I be obliged for his approbation. Were such my wish, I need not tell him that through you the Emperor obtains the friendship of Ottocar: and, from that moment, he would be your best of friends.

Duch. I should be happy if he knew it.

Duke. He shall—and be ashamed of having, for a moment, mistaken you. But one doubt distresses me.

Duch. What is it, my dear Lord?

Duke. Whether my cousin knows that the Emperor is about to bestow one of his daughters on Duke Ottocar.

Duch. That Wessel shall try to discover. But see, the Count Palatine approaches.

Enter Otto.

Duke. Welcome, once more, good kinsman.

Otto. The Emperor commends him to you, and wishes you all happiness. He likewise commanded me to state that he relies upon your settling the usual supply of venise, and supporting him with your alliance, as hitherto.

Duke. I hope you secured the Emperor of my aid in his service.

Otto. I did.—*(Looks anxiously at the Duke.)*

Duch.—*(Aside.)*—Ha! Disdain! Count, if you perceived that I was pained, I beg your likewise observe that I withdraw. *[Exit.]*

Duke. Kinsman, what has my wife done, that you survey her with a look as bold as if she were a base and wanton wench?

Otto. What have your ancestors and subjects done, that you should make this woman your wife?

Duke. Who can produce a charge against her virtue? I challenge any one to make the attempt. She deserves to be Bavaria's duchess. I know you are, in general, not unreasonable. Your sentiments are candid. Tell me frankly why you are exasperated against my wife?

Otto. Can I like the serpent who stung my brother or my son? Still bleed the wounds inflicted on my native country by Bohemia's arms.

Duke. How is my wife to blame for this?

Otto. She it was, who sharpened the steel and urged to war.

Duke. No, on my word, she never encouraged slaughter. Many a tear did she shed for the misdeeds which her late husband's fury brought upon Bavaria.

Otto. It may be so. Enough is it for me that she is our Emperor's foe, being the friend of our most deadly foe.

Duke. This seems to you so certain that you guard your hatred on it. Kinsman, I do not in any thing choose to excite your reproaches. I loved you once—love you still. Many would ridicule my conduct, if they knew that I demeaned myself so far as to defend my consort to a man, who is not my master, or my father.

Otto. Why do you this, Duke?

Duke. Because I do not wish to think you unjust.

Otto. I love my native land, my race, and Philip.

Duke. So do I.

Otto. And yet you form a connection, which binds you to Bohemia's Duke, and to the Emperor's avowed rival, Brunswick's Otto. Our native land, our race's fame and Philip's rights are torn from your heart.

Duke. Then would it bleed. No, this alliance binds the Bohemian Duke to our side.

Otto. Treason, and drags you to his Otto.

Duke. Why talk of Otto. Ottocar is Philip's friend.

Otto. The Emperor Philip's friend?

Duke. Know you not that?

Otto. Not I—nor do I yet know it. Ottocar, Duke of Bohemia, and ally to Brunswick's Otto, Philip's friend?

Duke. This was the dowry of my wife. I required her cousin's friendship towards the Emperor.

Otto. And did she promise it?

Duke. She promised and procured it. Long since did Ottocar acknowledge Philip as the lawful Emperor, and enter into alliance with him. This, of course, you know, but that my consort was the author of the reconciliation, you seem to have been ignorant.

OTTO. For Heaven's sake, be serious.

Duke. You seem astonished. Surely Ottocar's alliance with Philip is not unknown to you?

OTTO. You hasten me.

Duke. By my soul I do not. They are friends—friends through the interference of my wife.

OTTO. Indeed!—Alas! I comprehend this. Where there is no danger Otto is not wanted. Now, by Heaven, that is not right. To deceive me!

Duke. What has deceived you?

OTTO. I hope, my lord—but at a distance it were

—long!

A word to me!—Not

—a word to Otto!

Duke. I have no word of his confidence! I have no word of his confidence! I have no word of his confidence! I have no word of his confidence! I have no word of his confidence! The negotiation between Ottocar and Philip has been on foot three months.

OTTO. Three months! It is not longer since I asked the Emperor to bestow on you his younger daughter.

Duke. What answered he?

OTTO. Smiling, he told me it perhaps might happen. I never for the first time comprehended his might. God of Heaven! What is this! I beseech you apologise in my behalf to your fair consort. If poor Otto's friendship be of any value to her, assure her she possesses it.

Duke. I am happy to see you charmed that she is worthy of it.

OTTO. And now, farewell till we meet again. God be with you!

Duke. Will you say so often?

OTTO. I feel as if my guardian angel beckoned me away. God be with you!

Duke. After the report.

OTTO. Oh, I can neither eat nor drink. Farewell.

Enter Werner.

Duke. See! Here comes Duke Otto's ambassador and kinsman, Count Wessel.

Wes. I reckon this day the happiest of my life, as I am allowed in person to greet the valiant Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach.

Otto. Without ceremony, I beg. How fares Count Wessel?

Duke. Have you seen each other before?

Wes. Never in my life: but Otto's fame is as public as the light of day. When in foreign countries Germany is mentioned, Otto of Wittelsbach is always quoted among the first of its heroes.

Otto. Why all this! We have seen each other before.

Duke. As I said, Otto, after the report. [Exit.

Wes. What you say is strange. I know not that I ever saw you till to-day.

Otto. Still more strange is it that you require an explanation of a circumstance so trifling. Who commanded the Bohemians, in the last battle against us?

Wes. When you conquered us? 'Twas I, but I saw you not.

Otto. It was broad day, and, by the Almighty, none of my enemies can ever say I did not show myself.

Wes. I saw the army, but was not idle or cool enough to distinguish any one. My defeat alone convinced me that Otto fought against us.

Otto. Regard me not of that conquest, for it did me little credit. There was a coward among your first warriors.

Wes. Do you know him?

Otto. Blue was his armour, and a black plume waved on his helmet. He stalked across the field

more lightly than courageous, but when the attack overtook, he vanished. I at length espied him at a distance from the throng, and ran towards him;—but he fled. "Hold," cried I, "blue knight, break a lance with me." The blue coward fled.

Wen.—(*Aside.*)—Destruction!—(*Aloud.*)—Well, Count Palatine, you know such men are to be found in every army. 'Tis enough that you subdued us.—Who would have thought that instead of meeting in the field, we should encounter each other here?

Otto. True. The world is full of changes.

Wen. I shall now have no more battles against you, but may hope soon to conquer with you.

Otto. I only beg you will not bring the blue knight with you. Our Romans know him.

Wen.—(*Aloud.*)—Know him!

Otto. Enough of this. Have you been long here?

Wen. My kinsman Ottocar deputed me to announce his alliance with the Emperor to Duke Lewis. In truth, no order could have been more welcome to me. All my trouble is thereby rewarded.

Otto. What trouble?

Wen. To obtain a victory is often not so difficult as to graft friendship on the tree of discord.—The Emperor knows who gained him Ottocar's alliance.

Otto. Who?

Wen. Your kinsman's wife and I.

Otto. And dare you vouch for the continuance of these sentiments.

Wen. That, Count Palatine, is at present the grand object. I daily expect orders to proceed to the Emperor's court, where I shall tie the band of unity into a knot, which mortal hands can never loose.

Otto. That were a master-piece of policy.

Wen. Yet is it easily comprehended. Philip has two daughters.

OTTO. Methinks your ideas make strange transitions. From the knot which no mortal hand can loose to Philip's daughter!

HEN. Not so, Count Palatine. I just wanted to show you the end of the thread, which is to form this knot. You hold the highest place in the confidence and favour of the Emperor. Doubtless, therefore, you have been some time about from his court, as you seem ignorant of what I mean. To be brief, the Emperor's eldest daughter, Cunigunda, is to be married to Ottonin.

OTTO.—*(Starts and looks at Hen.)*—Is to be?

HEN. You are right. *Is*, I might have said; for nothing is wanting but the betrothal of the priest. The treaty is concluded.

OTTO. Ha! Ha!—Is this another piece of your policy?

HEN. Ask the Emperor, or believe me on my word. I was present.

OTTO. By no word yours is false.

HEN. Count Palatine!

OTTO. Pshaw! thus should you have looked at me, when I called: "Eino knight, break a lance with me!"

HEN. Death and destruction?

OTTO. Dared? Well he is as you please.—Ha! Ha! Ottonin's wife! How tell me the tale again before your fury shakes you.

HEN. May my soul be damned if this insult shall be unavenged!

OTTO. Why talk of insult and revenge? I advise you not to use such words—Your host has made me cool enough to perceive that your tale of Ottonin's alliance was a mere joke. Now, Count Wenzel, if in your conscience you think I have said too much, I crave your pardon. My brain was teeming with ideas which would not let me resist any joke.

Wen. I never joked with you, Count Palatine, and never will. Why am I thus insulted on account of things which concern none either of us? Why is my word disputed? It galls your haughty soul, perhaps, that Philip should bestow his daughter, or Ottocar accept her, without your consent.

Otto. Now, by the power of heaven, this blue knight has wounded me so deeply that I feel it through my very marrow.—I must away.—'Tis incredible—Philip—Oh, 'tis most false—but I must away.—Blue knight, take my advice. Leave your sword at home, and go with your tongue into the field. If your aim be always as good as it has been just now, your frank amour can never fail to very quickly find its mark. [Exit.

Wen. Have I then really hit the mark, without intending it?—Yes, yes. Ever long, when all my nerves are strong, trust me thou shalt feel the blue knight's lance. If I surely submit to such an insult, may I—

Enter Ducurus.

Duck. Well, Count! he just now left you.

Wen. Oh, mention it not, I beseech you.—Heaven and earth! Such an insult!

Duck. How!

Wen. It is more infamous than you can fancy.

Duck. What said he? Speak.

Wen. No. Let me be silent, I intreat.

Duck. If you intend me to remain your friend, speak.

Wen. I must, then—but let me, at least, think of words to shew his dishonest ideas.—No, by Heaven, I cannot. You will be incensed at me, for being able to utter such an abominable falsehood.

Duck. Be it what it may, I will know it.

Wen. "She is a mere lascivious strumpet, who

has tickled my Kinsman's appetite with loose caresses, or, perhaps, with love-inspiring potions."

Duch. H!

Wes. Yes. The villain!

Duch. Villain, indeed! His ruin is reached.

Wes. At the same time, he—

Duch. Enough! My heart will break.

Wes. And should I not think of vengeance?

Duch. Yes. Vengeance! Vengeance!

[Wes. Comes into your chamber. There we will converse—

Duch. Consider! Oh, were I a man like you—did I but wear a sword like you—

Wes. You are right. I will pursue him, and demand satisfaction.—But may I rely on your protection?

Duch. All the House shall rest in me.

Wes. 'Tis well.—I only request, that, till my return, you will not mention the subject to the Duke.

Duch. What have I done to the wretch, that he should thus load me with infamy? Had he plunged a poniard into my heart, Heaven knows, I could have forgiven him.—But this insult! Oh my Kinsman, avenge my wrongs.

[Alone.]

Scene, the Gates of the Castle.

Enter OTTO.

OTTO. I have heard that a dunder will sometimes harden the heart and turn the brain. Oh! How sorry should I be were I obliged to bellow in the streets of Philip!—"Thou hast not kept thy promise."—Shame should choke me, could any man address me thus. Still can I hear him say to me:—"Thou shalt have Conigunda;" and now he wants to tell her so Bohemia's Duke. Ottocar offers swerving

Friendship—Otto of Wittelsbach has paid with blood.
Why do I tarry here? Wolf, where art thou?—
Bastard may make a good *postrade* too—perhaps,
more suitable to me. But why this secrecy?

Enter WOLF.

Wolf, where art the horses?

Wolf. There they stand, ready.

Hen.—(At a distance.)—Brother-Otto!

Otto. Who calls?

Wolf. Your brothers are approaching. I'll go to
the horses, and wait your coming. *(Exit.)*

Enter HENRY and ROBERT.

Hen. Brother, whither go you?

Otto. Can you, at the distance of eighty miles,
see whether some villany be not plotting, which
concerns you?

Eph. No. Why so?

Otto. Therefore I must away. Heaven be with
you!

Hen. What is your purpose?

Otto. As soon as I know it I will dispatch a mes-
senger to you. As yet I know nothing, except
that I must away. Farewell, brothers. Happy is
it for you, that you can thus spend your days in the
bosom of our native land.

Hen. Remain with us in Bavaria. Leave the
Emperor's court.

Otto. My duty and my word oblige me to dwell
abroad, among a crowd of servile parasites. There
the courtier smiles and profts, while villany is busy
in his mind—kisses and greets his brother-courtier,
while malice rankles in his heart.

* One of these is equal to five or six English miles.

Egbert. You have fulfilled your promise. Stay with us. Methinks some mighty deed awaits you.

Otto. Think'st thou so?—Then shall the mighty deed find Otto ready.—Remember me in your prayers, good Egbert.—Henry, you will merit my thanks by going to Wittelsbach, and looking after my two boys. I shall take the nearest road to court. On my spirit, I found Willbold not well.

Hen. Will you not go on better a mother on them?

Otto. Ha!—No more! I must away. Greet the Duke in my name, and assure the Duchess of my regard.—Farewell, Egbert!—Farewell, Henry! Heaven grant we may meet again at this place—or rather at Wittelsbach; for there I always feel as if the spirits of our princely ancestors dwelt in each gallery and room, where formerly they stood witnessing mighty deeds, or happy in the conscious recollection of having achieved them. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene, an Apartment in the Emperor's Palace at Aix.

Enter CONSTANCE and BEATRICE. They stop and seem to be listening.

Con. Hark! The heavy portals turn upon their many hinges.—How I tremble!—Artenberg is conducting the messenger to my father. Oh! I dread the tidings which he brings.

Ber. Alas! No doubt you soon will be the wife of Ottocar,—then you must leave this castle.

Con. Oh dearest Beatrice!

Ber. When I am left, how sad and dreary will every thing appear! Instead of enjoying a sister's society, I shall wander quite alone through the vaulted corridors, which echo with the din of arms. Oh! let me go with you to Bohemia.

Con. Dearest sister, might I but be allowed to wander through those vaulted corridors, how happy should I be. But who can tell what fate awaits me? I do not know the man to whom I am to be united. Even my father, who has destined me to be his wife, has never seen him. He is, perhaps, rude in the manners of his native land.

Ber. On that account I will go with you. I will share your joys and sorrows.

Con. If my father would consent, most willingly.

Ber. Ask him. I hope he will.

Con. He is of late become so gloomy and morose, that I scarcely have courage to address him. Often have I endeavoured to discover whence his discontent arises, but in vain. The Duke of Brunswick cannot now make any claim to the imperial crown, for Ottocar, his principal ally, has joined my father. Almost all Germany is on Philip's side, and victory seems headed to his banners.

Ber. Alas! my Consanguine! Would we were in our native Suckin! There our father was always affectionate, and kind to us. But since the imperial divorce—

Con. Since our separation.

Enter Paulin.

Phi. Are you here, children? Come hither! Give me a kiss.

Car. It is long since you allowed us such a happiness.

Phil.—(To Beatrice.)—Why do you gaze upon me thus, as if it were a rarity to see me?

Ben. This gracious look, this kindness toward me—

Phil. Is somewhat unusual, you would say. Why, yes. Anxiety distends my mind, and unexpectably my consciousness. Fortune has once again smiled upon me, but I am not sure that I am—(To Beatrice.)—well acquainted with her smile. You shall be made— I have something to say to you.

Conigunda, I have been thinking of you as my bride. This is the first time since I always thought he might have been my father-in-law. He has not me at the altar, and we must wait for your departure. What now?

Car. My father, this unexpected news—

Phil. Unexpected it may be, but not unwished. I reflect, indeed, that once, when I made mention of this union, you offered some opposition to it; but that will probably not be the case again, for I said a few words to your father.

Car. Oh, yes, I think I remember.

Phil. I have said to him that I should like to see you before I leave you.

Car. I am sure he will be very glad to see you. It has cost me, to be sure, some little trouble, but my interest, and my affection for you, have been the pledge of reconciliation. While you are in his land, let not the husband drive the father from your recollection. Observe every thing that passes, and give me notice of it. I will send some good experienced man to assist you in every case with his advice, and maintain our communication. Beware of

discussing this to your husband: if you love yourself as me, be not rigled by Ottocar's command.

Can. I cannot do this, my father.

Phil. How?

Can. Is Ottocar still your son, that you would even send a spy into his bedchamber?

Phil. This foolish language I expected not from Canigunda—but more on this subject anon. Meanwhile, devote your whole attention to your dress and ornaments, that you may appear before your

father as fitting a consort of an Emperor's daughter. Your father will not degrade you by placing tokens for his messengers, that will soon reveal an unworthy daughter.

Can. To see what persons, think you?—
Phil. To see if perhaps, or a temporary cessation of hostilities.

Phil. To see for Beatrix is marriage.

Can. My sister!

Phil. Her dowry is to be my friendship, and on this condition he renounces all his claims to the imperial crown.

Can. Oh, Heaven!

Phil. Do you weep? I comprehend you not to-day.

Can. Be not angry, gracious father. I was distressed at the difference between my situation and my sister's. She remains in Germany, and has a German husband, while I am sent away, far from every one dear to me. Transplant a twig from any country to a wild and foreign soil—then see how soon it droops: No dew refreshes it, no sun-beam animates its growth—it droops and dies.

Phil. Peace!

Enter ARDENBURG.

Art. A knight is arrived from the Duke of Bruns-

wick, and humbly craves a private audience with your Majesty.

Phi. Conduct him *hither*—(*Exit Artensberg*)—
 Othocar, you see, is a noble friend. With him the
 deed follows the word. Go my child, I love you,
 but be wise. Go. [*Exit Othocar*].

Enter HARTENBERG and REIN.

[*Art.* Sir Frederick bf Reum, ambassador from
 Otto, Duke of Brunswick.

Phi. Speak, Sir Frederick.

Reu. Otto, the Holy Roman Emperor, sends
 greeting—

Phi. How! What! No more! Wert thou com-
 manded to address me *that*?

Reu. I beseech you—

Phi. Not another word! Our German empire is
 not a double-headed monster. A healthy well
 formed body has but one head. Otto of Brunswick
 would have been a profitable member; but as he
 now dares to act he may be compared to an extre-
 mity, which defends the whole, and which must
 be cut away. By my faith I could not have believed
 such arrogance. He assumes to himself the highest
 of all dignities, to which he has no further claim
 than by his youthful inclination, and the instigation
 of a few rebellious princes, who hope by discord to
 evade the punishment of their transgressions. Such
 are the dependants and counsellors. Do you like
 these firm an imperial court? Would it not be
 better for him, were he to promote the welfare of
 our empire, and acquire the state's respect, than
 to draw upon himself a recompense, which he
 has not deserved? I thought he was reflecting upon
 this, and kept *my* forces back, because I would not
 willingly make German swords with German blood;
 but now, as his rank pride increases, as his insulting

arrogant demands even in my own imperial obedi-
ence—now, I will proceed as rigid justice dictates.
Yet thou shalt see how well inclined I am to tread
the path of kindness. Grant Arnsberg, I vest you
with full power to hear him in my name; but at the
first syllable which encroaches on my dignity, break
off the conference, and give him safe conduct from
our court without delay. [Exit.

Rex. Give me safe conduct, then, that Lenny leave
your court without delay.

Art. Would you do this ere you have fulfilled y^rer
Prince's mandate?

Rex. I am old, and knew the caprices between
Prince and Prince. I have often been employed in
embassies, but never was I treated thus—even like
an offensive letter, which goes trampled on, or torn.
Give me safe conduct from your court.

Art. I pray you moderate your anger. Your bu-
siness is perhaps of such a nature as to pacify the
Emperor.

Rex. My business may be stated in a few words.
Otto would willingly resign his claims, his just, well-
founded claims to the imperial crown, on one con-
dition. "Peace and concord," says he, "are
better than dignity and power. The empire shall
perceive that I deserve to be its head, because on
its account I forfeit all my title to the dignity."

Art. That is odd. What is the condition which
you mentioned?

Rex. The hand of Philip's younger daughter.
To none but his father-in-law will Otto yield.

Art. I will instantly state this to the Emperor.

Rex. Do so. Tell me, dwells the Great Palatine
Otto of Wittelsbach in the palace?

Art. He is in Bavaria.

Rex. No. He quitted the city with me but an
hour ago.

Art. How! Is he here?

Ren. He overtook me near Cologne, and from that place we came together. He has had an infamous adventure on the journey. Have you heard no account of it?

Art. None.

Ren. Soon after he left Brabant, he was attacked by a troop of armed horsemen; while defending himself against the villains, he espied a knight, who from a distance viewed the battle. Otto, conceiving him to be the instigator, rushed toward him, and with a single blow dispatched the coward. He deserved not such a noble death. It was Count Wentzel, Ottocar's kinsman and ambassador to Lewis. The gilded scoundrel was the foe of every upright man, and hence we see the demon every raging assassin even in the blood of princes.

Art. This is a strange adventure. You did not tell Count Otto what was the nature of your embassy?

Ren. My embassy is a secret. I bear a seal upon my lips.

Art. 'Tis well. If I thought you would not treat a well-meant caution with contempt——

Ren. You must have a bad opinion of me, if you think I——

Art. Heaven forbid! But men may sometimes create suspicion with the best intention, especially when every circumstance cannot be explained.

Ren. Tell me but what it is, and I will make a proper use of it.

Art. Do not have much concern with the Count Palatine, if you wish to obtain the Emperor's good opinion.

Ren.—(Starts back with astonishment, but recovers.)
—I thank you. [Exit Artensberg.]

How! Can Philip of Hohen come to regard Otto of Wittelsbach? That serious courtier! What would't there be without thy master? What thy

master without Otto? I will maintain and engrain it in my mind by repetition, that the traitor is not so dangerous to a monarch as the flattering courtier. The one merely aims at his life, while the other debases his fame, can make him the abhorrence of mankind, and will do it, if he can thereby forward my project.

Enter OTTO.

OTTO. Well, fellow-traveller, how tastes the air }
the imperial court?

ARO. It needs a little of subtlety, against which
an honest man must be upon his guard.

OTTO. Ay, a crafty old fox has his hole not far off.
Do you scent him? Have you seen the Emperor?

ARO. I have.

OTTO. Looks he like a man or a woman?

ARO. Like a man.

OTTO. 'Tis well?

Enter CONSTANZA.

CON. The Count Palatine returned! "Welcome,
my Lord!

OTTO. I am like a shales-piper, who wanders from
one wedding to another. My cousin's nuptials are
over, and having heard of yours, I am come hither
to amuse you with a tune.

CON. You are ever jovial and cheerful. Tell
me something of Salsia and Banaria, *par dicit* na-
tive countries.

OTTO. These devil men who keep their promises.
But I have not seen much of them since I met you;
for I have travelled like a dog upon the wine. My
great desire to hail you twice spared me, and I my
word.

Enter ARTEMBERG.

Art. Sir Frederick of Reuss, the Emperor desires to see you.—His! Welcome, Count Palatine!

Otto. Heaven be with you, Artenberg!

Art. You have travelled rapidly.

Otto. But dogs not kept pace with my wishes.—
 Your men. I have been provoked as I came hither.
 A man was striding on the road, and at his side two
 dogs. One was a faithful watchful mastiff; the
 other was a dog of foreign breed. The man had a
 cap of brass, which he held to the good mastiff, as
 if it were intended for him, and at the same time
 waved his empty hand. The faithful mastiff flew
 where his master pointed, thinking that something
 had been cast thither, and thereby bringing it he
 should be still more entitled to a reward. Mean-
 while, the man bestowed the cap upon the dog of
 foreign breed.—I assure you this is not a fable. I
 witnessed it myself, and, as I told you, I was much
 provoked.

Ann. I should not like to be on friendly terms
 with such a man.

Art.—*(Aside.)*—How childish!—Come. The Em-
 peror expects you. [*Exeunt Art. and Ann.*]

Otto. Well! what think you of it?

Ann. I pity the poor animal.

Otto. Heaven bless you for it! A blessing unto
 you well, who're so shortly to be married.

Ann. Let us not talk of that.

Otto. Oh yes! I beseech you, let us have a little
 conversation on this subject. It is my dearest en-
 tertainment, and *forever* formerly so kind as to
 pay some attention to my ardent words. Do you
 remember my visits with my father, while you dwelt
 in Sunkin? I used to bear you to my father, in my
 arms—and you gave him a kiss—and me one.

Con. I was then but very young.

Otto. Is it then really true? Are you betrothed to Ottocar?

Con.—(Sorrowfully).—Yes.

Otto. Indeed!—Now, by Heaven, the more I think of this, the more am I incensed. Is this acting like a man?—I will not say like a prince; for a good man, who is not a prince, acts far more nobly than a prince, who is not a man.

Con. To what do you refer?

Otto. With permission, gracious lady, when do your nuptials take place?

Con. Alas! very soon.

Otto. Alas! How! Are you dissatisfied?

Con.—(Looks at him in surprise for some time).—Noble, friendly Otto, will you not decide a poor girl's confidence?

Otto. Forbid it heaven!

Con. I must unburden my distress to some sympathetic friend: for though my burden will not be lighter because another knows how much I bear, yet may he strengthen me by kind persuasion. Tell me—in it not doubtful that I am compelled to leave my native land, and live with a foreign Prince, who may, perhaps, consider me as the more scornful of his existence!—(Weeps).—Why am I not allowed to have a German husband?

Otto. Thou sweet celestial being!—May, do not weep.—“Why am I not allowed to have a German husband?”—A noble declaration! “By the God of Heaven, a noble declaration.—Now, because I will return your confidence. Have you patience to listen to me?

Con. Pardon, I pray you.

Otto. You know I always was your father's friend.

Con. You were indeed. The whole world knows it. At the peril of your life you paved his way to the Imperial throne.

Enter BEATRICE.

Bea. Welcome, Count Palatine! You must have ridden fast indeed. You scarcely can have seen Bavaria.

Otto. I staid there just long enough to observe that matrimony is a blessing. While at Wittelsbach I found that my son was wanted elsewhere. I myself should like again to devote ten years my heart to You know my boys some time ago,—they are much grown since then. One is now high the other three. Their promise to be for me, I mean to you.

Bea. They are their father's children.

Otto. And she who is willing to become their mother, is ever well pleased so. (He goes to ring the bell.)

Bea. I shall, by all means, be so. I should like to see the children.

Otto. I shall be glad to show them to you.

Bea. I shall be glad to see them.

Otto. I shall be glad to show them to you.

Bea. I shall be glad to see them.

Otto. I shall be glad to show them to you.

Bea. I shall be glad to see them.

Otto. I shall be glad to show them to you.

Bea. I shall be glad to see them.

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Bea. I shall be glad to see them.

Otto. I shall be glad to show them to you.

Bea. I shall be glad to see them.

Otto. I shall be glad to show them to you.

Bea. I shall be glad to see them.

Otto. I shall be glad to show them to you.

Bea. I shall be glad to see them.

Otto. I shall be glad to show them to you.

Bea. I shall be glad to see them.

Otto. I shall be glad to show them to you.

Bra. Heaven! How dreadful, to bestow our hands on men we never see!

Car. Dreadful indeed!

Bra. But will the Count Palatine so easily release my father from his promise? I do not think it.

Car. Say, rather, sister, that you do not hope it.

Bra. Well, if it were left to you, to choose a husband from the men you know, whom would you choose?

Car. Otto of Windebach.—But, dearest sister, let us converse no longer on this subject. The daughters of a humble knight are happier far than we are. They may console their hearts, while in us such conduct is a crime. Come! Let us walk into the garden, and relieve our minds.

Bra. Yes, and talk of that happiness, which we never shall enjoy. [Exeunt.]

Enter, the Emperor's Audienc-chamber.

PHILIP, BAUM, and ARTEMUS, are discovered.

Phi. So Heaven be with you, good Sir Frederick! When my daughter shall become Duke Otto's bride, expect a valuable present from me.

Ba. I thank your Majesty.

Enter Otto.

Otto. Be not offended at my intrusion. My eagerness to see you, would not allow me to tarry in the anti-chamber.

Phi. Welcome, young Palatine!—(To Baum.)—Once more, secure the Duke of Brunswick of my friendship, and farewell.

Ba. Heaven protect your Majesty!

[Exeunt Ba. and Ar.]

OTTO. Have I lost my senses? "Assure the Duke of Brunswick of my friendship." Tell me, I beseech you, whether I am deaf.

PHI. No, Count. You exactly repeat what I said.

OTTO. Peace is concluded, then, between you and Brunswick's Otto?

PHI. Peace and friendship.

OTTO. I wish you joy. But it would have been as well, if you had given me notice of this union, which has so important a step to be pursued in the next campaign.

PHI.
I beg

PHI. I will do every thing which will promote the welfare of his principality.

PHI. These are the good effects of peace. I too will now devote my mind to them.

OTTO. And I, my Liege. I will convert my armour into culinary vessels. This helmet will make a good paper— but hold! I had forgotten there were all these holes in it. Well, well! My head has been pained—why not my helmet? My household will, no doubt, be well conducted, for your Majesty has most bounteously provided towards it.

PHI. I!

OTTO. Yes, you. If I must remind you of it, you may allow Otto of Wittelsbach to converse with Philip of Saxe. Will you do that?

PHI. Yes.

OTTO. Enough! You no longer need my aid. Your throat is firm—your enemies are fallen. My sons now claim the attention of their father. They are a band, by which I have engaged to give the

you, &c.

2

could two men. To perform this duty I will retire to Wittelsbach, but not without a companion. Since my eighteenth year I have been accustomed to this wandering restless life, and must have some one, whose society will make me relish home. You promised I should marry Cunigunda. Give me her.

Phil. Are you serious?

Otto. In truth your question is the first joke, which has entered my mind. Shall I call your power?

Phil. Well, Otto! I cannot give you Cunigunda.

Otto. Why not?

Phil. She is betrothed to Ottocar.

Otto. And is that right? Why not fulfil your promise? Have I deviated from mine? Have I not ever been your friend?

Phil. Yes, but all thy conquests you have gained for me are not so conducive to the general welfare, as this union of my daughter with Duke Ottocar. You, who have so often risked your life for me, cannot think my happiness and a whole empire's peace too dearly bought by such a trifling sacrifice.

Otto. I am not aughting loco-neck reams. Though it hurts me, I will be silent, and reckon it among the wounds, which time and medicine have healed. But why was all this done unknown to me? He, who can reconcile this secrecy with any good intention, must be indeed a master of the black art.—I hate smooth glossy speeches. Good honest sentiments require no ornament. It is base metal only to which we strive by art to give the semblance of gold—the sterling gold we have with its own colour.—No more of this, I beg no more! I'll try to erase it from my memory.

Phil. My friend? My noble Otto! I cannot reward you, but be assured I will be grateful.

Otto. 'Tis well. Refuse not, then, what I so much desire. I ask not for reward or proof of gratitude, but beg it as a pledge of your esteem and friendship.

Phi. What is your wish?

Otto. To be your son-in-law. Your promise justifies my wish. Give me your younger daughter.

Phi. How!—You are too late, my dearest Otto. Her hand is promised to the Duke of Brunswick, but his friendship may be freely voted.

Otto. Now, by the God of Heaven I would not feel as you feel now, if I could thereby gain a saint's performance. Oh, integrity, behold thy weakness!—Philip, twice back the last ten years.

Phi. You have been my friend and I yours, as I still am. Ask of me any thing within the scope of possibility.—*(Aside.)*—Where is Arzberg?

Otto. Why is it impossible to grant what I demand? I am a prince's son. Where is the German, who can say his race is nobler? Once more—twice back the last ten years.

Phi. It is too late. Nay, were my younger daughter disappointed, you could not marry her, for you have murdered a near relative of my son Otto.

Otto. True, true. I should have surely suffered a villain to assassinate me, because that villain was—your kinsman.—Away with moderation and constraint! My heart and tongue can brook no fetters. For the sake of your own honour, I beseech you, keep your promise. I will strengthen your army with four thousand brave Bavarians. Despair not what I say. Act not thus towards me, but keep your promise.

Phi. You require impossibilities.

Otto. Keep your promise. I am a Bavarian,—a Count of Wittelsbach, and advise you not to treat me thus.

Phi. You go too far. I will not bethink.—*(Aside.)*—Where can Arzberg be?

Otto. Not hear it!—Where is Philip of Saxe, who a thousand times has proved me to his heart—

a thousand times has called me his shield and his preserver! I will impeach him as a perjured man in presence of the Emperor, and should the Emperor support him, I will sue them both before the throne of Rapidity; where, if their consciences be not completely callous, I will, with a single word, or with a single look, drive all their blood into their cheeks.

Phi. Reflect yourself, Count Palatine—then come to me again. — (*Group.*)

Otto. Hold! Take this helmet. I make you a present of it.

Phi. What am I to do with it?

Otto. Hide an angelical heart with it!—You will not! Then thus I place it on my head again, and now—strike with your utmost force upon it.

Phi. Away with these flighty notions, Count, and listen to me.

Otto. You would not hurt me, Philip, for that requires the arm of a hero. Your sword would glance down my helmet, leaving my head untouched—*pr.* Philip, you have rent my heart in twain.

Phi. Hear me, hear your friend!

Otto. Which of you is my friend? Duke Philip or the Emperor.

Phi. Both, or you had not dared to say thus much.

Otto. Not dared! What! Would you bind my tongue? By Heaven, as long as I can think, I'll speak my thoughts. Truth is not to be silenced by an Emperor—nor am I. My tongue is subject only to the Almighty.

Phi. Otto, methinks it would be better if you would accept a recompense from me.

Otto. What recompense?

Phi. You have heard of the Duke of Poland's daughter. You must—for long has spread her rare accomplishments and beauty through the world, princes and nobles sue for her hand.

OTTO. What do you mean? I know it! She is mentioned as the emblem of perfection! I have often wished to see this paragon.

PHI. Only to see her! But to see her, is to love her.—How glorious would it be, if Otto of Wittelsbach, the first of German princes in renown and glory, were to bear away this costly prize from all his rivals—and he may.

OTTO.—(Sarcastically).—You would promise all the Duke of Poland's daughters too!

PHI. I can and do. You know her father's night hours are too turbulent, he scarcely can retain possession of his reason. My alliance would assist him much, and if you led his army, your very name would strike his foes with terror. If my proposal suits you, a letter from me shall procure for you a reception the most friendly at the Duke of Poland's court. I will request him to view you as myself, or as my son.

OTTO. All this, Philip, does not justify your conduct towards me. It is not right; it is—infamous. Thus much, and no more. I will away to Poland. Give me a part of your army, that I may not go like a knight-errant.

PHI. Part of my army you shall have.

OTTO. Prepare the letter to the Duke then, while I give orders for my departure. Forget not, I beg, to say what kind of man I am. Say that I have nothing of the fox in my nature, and that I hate deceit. Say, too, I am not a puppet to be danced by wiles, even though an Emperor be the dancer.—In short say I am a man, sprung from the Princess of Bavaria. [Exit.

PHI. Thanks to my patience for having got possession of me. A single word would have sent him by to the street. I know his choleric temper.

Enter ANTONIO.

Where have you been?

Ant. In the anti-chamber, my Liege.

Phi. Did you hear our conversation?

Ant. It is he a crime, your Majesty may punish me. I endeavored to remove the convicts from the door, for the Count Halstine was so loud——

Phi. Ay, loud and turbulent.

Ant. As usual.

Phi. And to my sorrow I must own he spoke like a man, who deeply felt that he was injured. I ought to have reflected sooner, for he deserves far better treatment. I am ashamed of my conduct towards him, for though my empire's welfare claimed my care, yet should my friend——

Ant. The Emperor's dearest friend in his country.

Phi. And merits he not thanks, who saves this friend from ruin?

Ant. Surely. Does not Count Otto lose all claim to gratitude, when he demands that for himself which can alone preserve the empire?—Did you accuse him of Count Vencz's murder?

Phi. I did, and am ashamed of having done so. We know that Wenczel fell upon him like a base assassin.

Ant. I beseech your Majesty not to harbour any scruples on this subject. Could the Count Palatine have gained a' peace like this by arms? Never. 'Tis true, your army conquered under him, and he subdued your enemies, but was not your strength thereby diminished? Did not the whole empire bleed? In short, if longer war would have been an evil to all except Count Otto, who would have written his exploits on the subject of severity, with the blood of your subjects. He is galled that his ambition should be checked in the midst of his on-

over.—My zeal for your Majesty's security and welfare may perhaps lead me beyond the bounds of reverence, but even your anger is not so dreadful to me as the danger which now threatens you.

Phi. What danger?

Art. Can your Majesty imagine that Otto will surely submit to treatment which he thinks the greatest insult?—You know his haughty temper, and remember his last words, "I am not a puppet to be danced by wires, even though an Emperor by the show-man."

Phi. Can these words have the meaning which you give them?

Art. Say rather, can they have any other? I saw him before your conference with the Duke of Brunswick's ambassador? Nay, he troubled latter in company with him. Could this be merely by accident? I trembled at the door, when your majesty promised—

Phi. You are right, Artenberg. Your fears are not unfounded. He spoke those words with a tone, which betrayed an inward thirst after vengeance. But what can I do? He expects the letter to the Duke of Poland.

Art. That letter is your only resource.

Phi. Resource! How so?

Art. Let it be couched in terms which will avert all danger.

Phi. Be more explicit.

Art. Request the Duke of Poland to receive Count Otto most graciously.

Phi. Well?

Art. But at the same time warn him not to trust the Count with any great command, had by agreement to bestow his daughter on him till he has thoroughly tried his disposition.

Phi. And then I can request him to satisfy the

Court in some other way. Go, Arnsberg, go prepare the letter, as you mention. [Exit ARN.]

My heart tells me that this conduct is not right, but policy commands it. Otto feels I have injured him, and it is dangerous to confide in an injured friend. His greatness, too, throws a shade upon my dignity. I must remove him from my court. The sight of him is irksome to me, for his every look seems to declare I am his debtor. —

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene, an Apartment in RENE'S Castle.

Enter STEWARD and WALLINGF.

Stew. But never mind that. Though Sir-Fredrick be from home, you and your home shall not want accommodation till he arrives. We expect him every minute. If he come not soon, he will find two eyes closed for ever, which are dearer to him than his own, for our lady is dangerously ill. Sir Frederick is transacting some treaty between Otto of Brunswick and Philip of Sunkin. I understand it relates to a peace.

Wall. Indeed?

Stew. Heaven grant a peace may take place! The empire has suffered more than enough by this contention for the crown. When the lions and the wolf dispute about the sheep,—who first worst? The sheep. I should like to know which of the two

ACT II. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. 45

will give way, for one of them must. (*A cry of*
"Welcome! Welcome home!" is heard without.)

Enter REINA.

Welcome home, sir knight. This stranger wishes to see you, before he proceeds on his journey.

Wal.—(*Presses his hand to Reina.*)—Heaven bless Sir Frederick of Reuss! My name is Hans Walrich. I am an impatient herald, and bring you tidings of your son from Palestine.

Rea. My George! Is he well? Is he as honest to his country?

Wal. That is he, noble knight—in honour to his country and his father.

Rea. My blessing be upon him! You have brought reviving news for my sick wife.—(*To the Steward.*)—Go and enquire whether she will sleep.

[*Exit Steward.*]

I sincerely thank you for these happy tidings.

Wal. Your son, sir knight, is much-beloved by all who know him, and his courage is proverbial.

Rea. Heaven protect him.

Re-enter STEWARD.

Stew. The attendant thinks my lady ought not to be waked. She has not slept as soundly since you left us.—(*A bell is heard.*)

Rea. See what that means.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Five or six horsemen are hastening^d hither.

Rea. Go, and enquire who they are, and if you know their names, admit them.

[*Recess Stew. and Serv.*]

Many a time have I stood at a window of my castle,

when a knight has been approaching, and always have I said: "Would it were my George, or at least some knight who brings me tidings of him!" Once more accept a father's thanks. You are most welcome.

Enter Otto.

Otto. Good day to you, Sir Frederick! Will you admit a pilgrim?

Fre. Scarcely can I credit what I see! Count Palatine, how did you manage on my bus?

Otto. I am a kind of riding vagrant. I hurry headlong through my life, and shall not find a resting place till death has hurled me from my saddle.

Fre. I am truly glad to see you. I will first make some enquiries after my sick wife, and then return to pledge you in a smiling goblet. Count Otto, I leave you with Hans Wajrich, who has brought me tidings of my son from Palestine.

[Exit.

Otto. Come you straight from Palestine?

Wal. No. I have been two months in Poland.

Otto. How fares the Duke of Poland?

Wal. But ill, Count Palatine. The two Caraxes of Sweden and Denmark harass him incessantly. Both sue for his daughter's hand, and each has exerted his utmost power to counteract his rival's wishes, till at length the Princess has discarded both, and now both have attacked the father, who cannot, without foreign aid, oppose them.

Otto. Foreign aid! Ha! But, tell me—in his daughter so beautiful as those describe her?

Wal. Count Palatine, her charms and virtues baffle all description. While those eyes of hers are mere nothing. Alas! her gentle soul is sinking under the pressure of her father's lamentable situation. Happy is the man, who can redeem him from

it, for on him has she resolved to bestow her hand and heart.

OTTO. Ha! I rejoice to hear't. Who commands the Duke of Poland's army?

WIL. He himself. In courage and experience he is by no means wanting; but fortune ever flies his banner.

Enter REXA, followed by a Boy, bearing silver goblets, and a large flask of wine.

BOY. Boy, fill a goblet to the brim. Welcome to my house, Count Otto of Wittelsbach!—*(Drinks.)*
—Welcome, Hans Wallrich!—*(Drinks.)*

OTTO. Heaven bless you and yours!—*(Drinks.)*
WIL. Heaven bless you and yours, sir knight!—*(Drinks.)*—*(The boy fills the goblets, leaves them and the flask, and goes.)*

OTTO. Sir Frederick, I told you, while at Aix, what happened between Philip and myself.

BOY. Yes—that he broke his promise.

OTTO. You are right. He can have no sufficient apology for softening his word, but we will try to make the deed not quite so bad, by saying I have been wronged, in order to promote the welfare of the empire. This will sound like neutral coin, and every one will take it, because it is stamped with the image of the Emperor. Well! this worthy man has made me more satisfied with what has happened. I may, perhaps, succeed in restoring the Duke of Poland, and winning his fair daughter's hand and heart.

WIL. Success attend you, noble Count! The enterprise is worthy of you.

OTTO. What is the Princess's name?

WIL. Helion.

OTTO.—*(Takes a goblet.)*—Otto and Helion! Long life and happiness to both!—*(Drinks.)*

Wal. With all my heart.—*(Drinks.)*

Otto. Thanks, thanks, my friends. The Emperor has given me a letter, which will procure for me a reception the most friendly from the Duke of Poland.

Rex. Rely not on his recommendation. Has he not deceived you once?

Otto. He has; but Philip's sentiments are noble—they were, at least; and surely the imperial crown cannot have clouded them. What a miserable shut-the-door were he, if his virtue depended on a spangle! I know a diadem does not exalt the weaker's sentiments, but why should it degrade them?—*(Takes a goblet.)*—To the health of the Emperor Philip!—*(Drinks.)*

Wal. I pledge you, Count Palatine.—*(Drinks.)*

Rex. To the health of Lewis, Duke of Bavaria!—*(Drinks.)*

Otto. That is not right, Sir Frederick. You ought to pay respect to him whose health I drink. What have you to urge against the Emperor?

Rex. When I was sent by Brunswick's Clerk, he received me haughtily, and spoke with disrespect of his noble rival, whose birth and courage do not yield to his. Otto would not have done so, had I come from Philip. A German knight allows no emperor to treat him with contempt, for he is only emperor, because it is our will he should be so. Thus, Count Palatine, I never shall forget till water creditable art business indom my memory.

Enter Wenz.

Wenz. My noble Lord, the seal of the great letter you committed to my care at Aix has melted in my hands. It is not my fault, but the fault of the warm weather.

Otto. Give me the letter. It is open.

Wolf. Or the reverse, if no one opens it. I have had many a letter in my hand, but the seal was not the only reason why I did not read them.

Ann. What else?

Wolf. I can't read.

Ann.—(Opens the letter.)—Sir Frederick, as you doubt the good intentions of the Emperor, read that letter.

Enter STEPHAN.

Step. Sir knight, a messenger is just arrived from Bamberg, who states that the Emperor Philip yesterday arrived there, and has appointed a courtment to-day.

Wal. I must be gone then, else I may resume my office as a herald. Farewell Sir Frederick.

Ann. Farewell! once more I thank you.

Wal. Count Palatine, success be with you in your undertaking!

Ann. I thank you.

[Exit Wal.]

This is strange. When I left Aix, no one had heard that Philip meant to visit Bamberg. But read, Sir Frederick.

[Re-reads Wolf and Steph.]

Ann.—(Reads).—"Philip, by the Grace of God, Holy Roman Emperor sends greeting to the Duke of Poland. Whereas the Bavarian Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach has humbly petitioned his Imperial Majesty to introduce and recommend him to the Duke of Poland"—

Step. How? Humbly petitioned? The Emperor did not read it thus.

Ann. Count Palatine, if any thing further should occur, which the Emperor did not read in so on, I beg you to believe that I will read it as I read it.

Step. Enough! Proceed.

Ann. "And whereas the aforementioned Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach is a valiant warrior,

and has gained renown in various battles and sieges, his Imperial Majesty hereby requests the Duke of Poland to receive him kindly, and to use his valour and experience so may soon meet to his Royal Highness."

Otto. What?—But proceed, proceed.

Ren. "The Duke of Poland is, however, at the same time cautioned not to entrust any important command to the Count Palatine, and by no means to bestow on him the hand of his accomplished daughter."

Otto. Ha! Ha! Ha! Proceed.

Ren. Hearken!

Otto. Read on, read on, read on!

Ren. "Accomplished daughter, as the Count Palatine has a disposition much inclined to discord and rebellion,

Otto. Damnation!

Ren. "Yet it is advisable that the Duke should not at first seem inimical to the wishes of the Count, but awhile encourage them. The Duke is likewise hereby desired not to disclose the contents of this letter, as he values the friendship of his Imperial Majesty.—Urnus at our court at Aix. "Philip."

Otto. Philip! Be Philip the triumphant cry in hell, when an ungrateful wretch is damned. Give me the letter. Oh, that I could write those words in thy upon the scarny, that all mankind might read them, and the eternal curse of human nature brand the ingrate!—*(Putting the letter in his bosom.)*—I'll wear thee close within my bosom, and my heart shall drink thy poison.

Ren. Your rage is just. This conduct is most infamous. Towards you, too! Such a man and such a Prince! By heaven, it calls aloud for vengeance.

Otto. Vengeance! Oh, every drop of blood now boiling in these veins would fire the frame of apathy

But, what can I do more than take his life! To the basest man there are many greater misfortunes than death, but to the villain none!—and what is death?

Ren. You may find other means of vengeance. Know you the Duke of Brunswick?

Otto. Would he have acted thus?

Ren. No, on my honour. Count Palatine, your forbearance has been hitherto unending. That Philip, after promising to you his eldest daughter, should betray her and her sister without your concurrence; that without your concurrence he should make peace with them, whom you alone have humbled, is treatment too contemptuous as he borne. What had Philip been without your aid? Did you not assist him with your kinsman's friendship, and Bavaria's strength? Have you not fought and bled for him? Your favour was glory and renown, and this reward excites his envy.

Otto. Ha! Now do I see the man in his true shape! These envious, double-deigned, ungrateful villains! Heaven and earth! When I think my ungrudging measure has been thus abused, I could go mad. I have subdued my disposition, checked my pride and wrath, and taught myself to bear what, as I thought, was intended to promote my country's good. But now, thou wolfish monster,—now thou hast thyself cut off the sheep's skin, hast darted thy claws into my heart—into my honour.

Ren. Count Palatine, offer this injured heart to Brunswick's Otto. On my soul you will be more welcome far than Philip's daughter. The exploits are not celebrated.

Otto. No more, Sir Frederick! You too mistake Bavarian Otto. Shall my vengeance rouse-fell discord from her slumber, and expose the empire to new dangers? Heaven knows that when I helped to shed the blood of enemies, I thought not of myself or of renown, but the justice of the cause which

I defended. The empire has not injured me, but Philip. Friend, can you fit me with a suit of armour?

Ren. For what purpose?

Otto. I will away to Bamberg, and appeal the injustice. Lend me a suit of armour.

Ren. You may choose out in my armoury. I would willingly accompany you, but my sick wife—

Otto. No more, I do beseech you. How far am I from Bamberg?

Ren. Four miles.

Otto. 'Tis well. Death and damnation! Am I thus rewarded? Otto inclined to discord and rebellion! Lie! Lie! Lie! I defy the world to prove me guilty of one ignoble thought. Come, give me a suit of armour. [Exit.

Scene, an Apartment in the old Palace at Bamberg.

Enter Pastor with his wife. He seats himself in a chair of state beneath a canopy. ATTENDANTS, and other ladies of the court stand on each side.

Wald.—(Approaches the Emperor.)—The King of Bohemia's ambassadors await your majesty's command.

Ph. Conduct them hither.

Enter two Ambassadors.

I should have been happy had I seen King Ottocar at my court, but I find the situation of his country will not allow his absence, and must therefore content myself with the hope of embracing him as my son-in-law at some future period. My daughter Cunigunde is ready to depart with you, but you will, of course, remain at my court during the three days I have appointed for exercise in chivalry.—

ACT III. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH.



With regard to the other object of your mission, I sympathize in King Ottocar's distress at the death of his kinsman Count Weyrol; but it is not in my power to inflict any punishment on the perpetrator of the act, as the Dux of Bavaria, who is as nearly related to your sovereign as the deceased, assures me, by letter, that Count Weyrol attacked Count Otto in an uncontrollable manner. You are now allowed to visit your future Queen. Waldburg, conduct them to my daughter Constance.

[*Exeunt Wald. and Alth.*]

Enter HENRY and EDWARD.

HEN. My gracious King, we beg leave to congratulate you on your arrival in this country.

EDW. And our Duke unites with us in this congratulation.

PH. I thank both him and you. You are welcome, and I hope you will break a lance at the tournament.—[*Music.*]—When the spectators are assembled, let the signal be given, and I will appear. *Artenberg, retire.* [*Exeunt all but Philip and Art.*]
Oh, Artenberg, I never was so uneasy as I am to-day. Why comes not Ottocar in person for my daughter? The Duke of Brunswick, too, seems not to take any farther notice of me, though in order to effect an interview with him I removed hither. This coldness on the part of both the Princes indicates—

ART. Excuse my interruption, but your Majesty may rest assured that the same police, which induced them to make overtures, will induce them also to retain your friendship.

PH. Yes, as long as they perceive my forces are superior to their own; but should any of my princely defenders cease to support my interest.

they will be the first to turn their arms once more against me—and one of these princely warriors has forsaken me.

Art. How so, my Liege?

Phi. The Count Palatine has always been a faithful vassal to me. Oh, Artenberg, give me back the lance. Otto is my thought from morn to night. If I see a sword, a helmet, or any thing which wears a warrior's appearance, I think of Otto. What has he done, that I should trust less than? Why should I cherish him without a cause? Every thing occurred to me except his return.

Art. And I cannot discover his punishment. You have but sent him to some place in Poland, and if it be his pleasure, can he not return? His appointment will close his exile. My Liege, the tournament is open.

Phi. What can I do there? It will afford me no delight.

Art. But what will the knights think if you refuse to attend a tournament, appointed by yourself?

Enter WALLRICH.

Wall. My Liege, an unknown knight has just appeared before the late, and requested of the judges a lance and a sword. Your heralds demanded his name, but he refused to answer their enquiry. To Wallrich only he opened his name, who immediately secured the judges on his life and honour that the stranger was of noble origin. The lists were then opened, and arms delivered to him according to the usual. Twice he rode round, greeted the assembled knights, and touched with his spear the imperial scepter.

Phi. My scepter? Does he not thereby mean to challenge me?

Art. Not so, my Liege. As the tournament was appointed for amusement by your Majesty, he means thereby to challenge all your knights.

Wald. So think the judges.

Phil. Enough! I am sorry I cannot be there, for I really am not well, and dare not venture into the open air. My presence will not now be so much missed, as the stranger will occupy the attention of the spectators. When the tournament is closed, I shall return, and then I shall have more to discuss.

Wald. I shall be glad to hear of it, when you return.

Phil. I shall be glad to hear of it, when you return.

Wald. I shall be glad to hear of it, when you return.

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Wald. I shall be glad to hear of it, when you return.

Phil. I shall be glad to hear of it, when you return.

Wald. I shall be glad to hear of it, when you return.

Con. Dearest father, do not conceal any thing from us. Your looks indeed distress us.

Phi. Be at ease. I do well in spite of my looks—only rather—Well, Beatrice, how do you like the tournament?

Bea. Oh, my father, I wish you had been there. I never saw any thing like it.

Phi. Hye us!

Bea. An unknown adventurer bade defiance to our knights. He seemed to be a god, and broke a horse as easily as I can break a tulip's stalk. His sword seemed to shed fire at every stroke. All the knights fought bravely, but to him it seemed mere children's play.

Con. I do not know whether even the Count Palatine would be a match for him.

Phi. I shall be glad to know him.

Con. The judges must award the first prize to him; and when I present it, I will request him to declare his name. Will you allow this, my dear father?

Phi. Do so.—Meanwhile the knights approach. Can the tournament be closed so soon?

Bea. Oh yes! The stranger's valour shortened it.—(Philip stands before the chair of state under the canopy.—Conigunda, Beatrice, and Ardenburg near him.)

Enter WALLBERG.

Wall. My Liege, they come.

Enter WALLBERG and other imperial heralds, followed by four judges of the tilt. The prizes, which consist of a golden sword, helmet, spurs, coat of mail, and belt, are borne on cushions. The judges are followed by the knights and guests, among whom is OTTO.

Phil.—(Approaches Philip.)—Most gracious sovereign, the tournament appointed by your majesty for the manly exercise of your knights is closed according to the cartel.

Phil. My worthy knights and nobles, I return you thanks. Herald, perform your office.—(The emperor seats himself.—Two judges of the tilt approach Camperdown, with the golden helmet and sword. The one takes his place at her right, the other at her left hand. A herald approaches. Flapshot of trumpet and trumpet.)

Her. The most gracious emperor, the Count Palatine, unknown to all, has taken the prize of the first sword.—(The judges of the tilt approach Camperdown, with the golden helmet and sword. The one takes his place at her right, the other at her left hand. A herald approaches. Flapshot of trumpet and trumpet.)

Otto. Gracious Princess, I return you thanks.—(The Emperor is alarmed at the sound of his voice.)

Her. The judges have decreed that, in this day's tournament, you have likewise excelled all your competitors in the exercise of the sword, the gracious Princess will present to you the first reward of the sword.

Cam. Noble knight, if you have made no vow to remain unmarried, I pray you let me know to whom I now present the first reward of the sword.

Phil.—(Approaches.)—The Emperor joins in the request.

Otto. I obey.—(Opens his vicer, and casts his first look on Philip.)

All. The Count Palatine? Otto!

Otto. Am I really the Count Palatine, Otto of Wittelsbach.—(Philip turns pale, and tries in vain to suppress his alarm. A sudden tremor strikes him, and

his daughters, who perceive it, run to him and embrace him.)

Con. My father!

Ben. Oh, you are very ill.

Phi. Away!—(*Spring up, and goes towards the door, led by her daughters.*)

Art. and Wald. Make way! Make way!

[*Enter Phi. Con. Ben. Art. and Wald.*]

Otto. Ay, run, run; thou dignified monster. Couldst thou hide thyself and all thy majesty within the compass of a nutshell, I would find thee.

Wol. Count Otto, what is your opinion of this sudden attack?

Otto. A bribe, perhaps, has stung the Emperor's brain. Tell the knights that nothing farther will be done to-day.—(*Waldrich converges with the knights, who, by degrees, depart in groups. Otto walks to and fro, till the apartment is quite empty.*)—Villany is not in his nature, or he would not have been thus affected. The rack of conscience forced confusion from him. But, if a hint could thus disorder him, what will a word effect—a word spoken with the warm accusation of injured integrity—I will satisfy what thou hast written, ingrate. I will fill thy mind with discord and rebellion, stir up its faculties against each other, and turn thy utmost fury on thyself, by brandishing before thy eyes the burning sword of truth.

Enter HARRY, hastily.

Hen.—(*Draws out the letter.*)—Brother! Brother! This is infamous.

Otto. Infamous! what infamous! Oh that I had the voice of thunder! All the world should know how Otto has been injured and insulted. Give me the letter. 'Tis a talisman, which restores my whole

being into fury. What am I doing here!—Fare-
well, brother.

Enter EDWARD.

Egh. Welcome, Otto! What is the matter?
Your voice, as I approached, resounded dreadfully.

Otto. At another time!—Let me pass.

Egh. Otto! My brother! Stay, for *Heaven's*
will—Wolff says you have been much insulted,
Who can have dared!—

Otto. Philip of Saxein.

Egh. The Emperor!

Otto. Philip of Saxein.

Egh. Say the Emperor, brother.

Otto. Offer up your prayers for the Emperor,—
and will, meanwhile converse with Philip of Saxein.
Egbert, thou art a prophet. Dost thou recollect
thy words, when I took leave of thee at Braunswe?

"Otto, methinks some mighty deed awaits thee."
Nay, the deed is not, but horrible.

Egh. What mean you, brother?

Otto. I have been deceived, imposed upon, in-
sulted.

Egh. By the friend, for whom so often he has
ruled his life—by Philip.

Otto. My reward is calumny.

Egh. Calumny.

Otto. Foul calumny.

Egh. And contempt.

Otto. Read, brother.—(*Gives him the letter.*)—
My nature made it easy to impose on me. "I, like
a fool, trusted a man, who once had broken his
promise. How could I suspect treachery in him, for
whom my disinterested friendship has already done
so much, and was willing to do so much more?
Even my claims upon his daughter, which were
founded on a promise the most sacred, I renounced.

because his welfare was far nearer to my heart than was my own.

Egh.—[*After having read the letter.*]—Brother, this is an unheard of insult.

Otto. Does it not cry aloud for vengeance?

Hen. For blood.

Otto.—[*Starts.*]—Blood!

Egh. Heaven have mercy on thee, brother! Thou hast uttered a most dreadful word. Reflect—he is the Emperor, the sacred head of the holy Roman empire.

Hen. Go to man Egbert, and pray for thee—

Otto. He is the Emperor? Dost thou mean thereby to remind me of my duty and respect. All Germany bears witness to my unshaken loyalty and active zeal in the protection of the imperial diadem.—But, is this an action which becomes an Emperor? To impose upon and heavily injure his most faithful friend—Otto of Wittelsbach—a Court Palatine to—Native Bavaria, I will bring no disgrace upon thy Prince.—Brothers, farewell. My injured heart demands redress. I go to place before the eyes of Philip his most ignominious conduct in its ugliest shape.

Hen. He will not regard your words.

Otto. Then will I appeal to the assembled Prince of the empire. My voice is of more consequence, and Germany never will allow her crown to be profaned by this desecrated, violented, ungrateful reign.

Hen. Brother, rich as upon that—justice is not at all times a good adviser to bribe.

Otto. Well, then—my last resource is left, my honest staunch Bavarians. I know they love me, and will cheerfully repay each drop of blood, which I have shed for them. They created the imperial crown from Brunswick's Otto, and placed it on the head of perjured Philip.—How, if they were now to turn their arms against him?—Philip, then hast

beamed the foundation of thy throne. Thou hast
sadden on the bow, who has guarded thee, who so
often has besmeared his name with the blood of thy
enemies. Fool! Fool! Fool! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene, the Emperor's Apartment.

Philip is discovered on a couch, and Arlenberg sit-
ting near him.

Phi. 'Tis well the surgeon thought it right to
breathe a vein. It will now be generally believed
that I was attacked by sudden infirmities. Do
you think the guests observed I was alarmed at his
appearance?

Ar. It was evident to all that your majesty
turned pale and trembled.—Your alarm seemed to
augment the pride of the Count Palatine more than
a victory. "I am the man, who can appeal the Em-
peror with a single look." Thus boasts he now.

Phi. Ha! Dareson! I will follow your advice,
and oppose my dignity to his overbearing arrogance,
which condescension but increases.—Go in search
of him. Pry into his motive for returning, but be
upon your guard, when you converse with him.—
Send Waldburg hither.—[*Exit Ar.*—Arlenberg is
right. I will no longer reply to his defiance with
submission, to his pride with condescension—she
will his haughty temper rise so high, that my impe-
rial dignity will lose its consequence.

Enter WALDBURG.

Come hither, Waldburg. We will proceed up our-
selves.—[*Sings themselves to play at chess.*]—I like
my situation. Is was your turn.

Wald. That move relieves me.—There!

Phi. It does indeed.—What is the general opinion respecting the Count Palatine?—I move my bishop then.

Wald. The general opinion seems that he has lost your Majesty's favour.

Phi. And the reason?

Wald. How!—You have made a rapid progress in the last five moves.—Who causes that confusion in the antichamber?

Enter OTTO, speaking to the sentinels.

Otto. Do you think your halberds shall oppose my entrance?

Phi. Proceed, Waldburg.—(*The Emperor continues to play, but in great confusion, while Otto approaches the table, and silently deranges the board.*)

Wald. The game is mine. Your last move—

Otto. Yes, yes. Move your knight down, and it is checkmate to the Emperor.—(*He does this, and overturns the piece.*)

Phi. What do you mean?

Otto. That you are mated.

Phi. No. I might have been relieved by—

Otto. Impossible, unless you threw your antagonist and chess-board out of the window. You could then have won the game in a most creditable way.

Phi. This is childish, Count Palatine.

Otto. You are mated both in body and soul.

Phi. Who called you? What do you want?

Otto. To inquire after your health. I hear you have been bled. Where is the blood? I will soon tell you what is your disorder.

Phi. I have a staggon.

Otto. He is a fool. Your confessor should have opened a vein of your conscience.

Phi. Count Palatine, remember with whom you are conversing.

Otto. Let me exchange a few words with you in private. *[Wald, as going.*

Phi. Waldburg, remain here. The Count Palatine and I have no secrets. What he has to say he may say in your presence, and let him at the same time not forget to whom he speaks.

Otto. Do you, then, know who I am? No—Majesty no longer bears in mind the death of Otto.

Phi. Why do you not proceed to Poland?

Otto. Because that cold climate does not suit the warmth of my temperament.

Phi. Give me back my letter, then.

Otto. Your letter! No.

Phi. How! I insist upon it.

Otto. Here it is.—*[Holds it open before him.]*

Phi. Who dared to break my seal!

Otto. God—God himself!

Phi. The insult is insupportable.

Otto. Oh Patience, holy Patience, hold my heart-strings, lest they crack.

Phi. Count Palatine, do not forget yourself.

Otto. Happy were it for me, if I could forget who I am.

Phi. Give me my letter!

Otto. That I will not. Who are you? You say you are a man. I am one. Justice shall decide between us.—Philip, shall the duped friend, or injured Prince address you? But what is the term *friend* to you—it was your own advantage, not your heart, which taught you the word.—Thou perjured Duke, I require not gratitude, but justice! I will never break. Prove that I ever was the cause of discord and rebellion. Prove that I was ever guilty of a crime against the Empire or yourself. Prove this, I say, or write beneath this letter: "*That show is false.*"

Phi. Madman! This to thy Emperor!

Otto. Cursed be he, who swears not his Em-

power. But think you that you wear the sword of our great Charles to 'sweatify the sacred dignity of Princes? Think you that a slanders can screen a shameful action? Think you that the Imperial sceptre is a talisman, which can hush by its enchantment the faculties of all mankind? Write, write, Philip! Recall this falsehood! That were better, than that I should to the assembled empire, charge you with a crime so base.

Ph. Peace, seducious wretch! I will arraign thee as the murderer of Wenzel and slanders of Myself. The last word of my favour is—No! Now, brave my indignation if thou dar'st, degenerate as thou art.—(Exit with Walsburg into the adjoining room.)

Otto.—(Transported with fury, strikes his breast, and calls, as the Emperor goes.)—Duke Philip!—Why should the world be content to bark!—(Draws his sword, and rushes into the adjoining room.)

Enter HENRY from the anti-chamber.

Hen. Brother! Where is he? I heard him speak with violence.—(Goes to the door of the next room.)—Great God of Heaven!

Enter OTTO, pale, trembling, and almost deprived of every faculty.

Otto. The Emp—ress's!—(Shows his bloody sword.)
Hen.—Oh! Away! Away! Away!—(Drags him away.)

Wald.—(Within.)—Help! Help! Murder!—(The constables rush in with Artzberg.)

Art. What now?

Wald. A surgeon! Haste! Thrice in the Emperor's breast, Count Otto—

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Art. Quick! Quick! Purge him.—I must send instant tidings to the Duke of Brunswick.—Pursue the murderer! Haste! *[Exit.*

Enter CONSTANCE and BEATRICE.

Roth. Oh Heavens! My father.
(The music and the voices increase on every side. All crowd into the adjoining rooms.)

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene, an Apartment in the Castle of Wittenbach.

Enter OTTO.

OTTO, *Reveries to give my peace of mind.* Oh Wittenbach. Thou didst witness the smiles of my brave father, when the nurse delivered me into his arms. Then should an earthquake have shattered these huge walls, and buried me beneath their ruins, that the worthy noble Berthold might not have been the father of a murderer—No, Wittenbach. To me thou never canst restore my peace of mind. Sink, sink, and hide thy lofty towers under the surface of the earth.

Enter WILHELM and EDGAR.

Wil. God bless you, father!

Edg. God bless you, father!

Wil. Father, where does Frankfurt lie?

Otto.—(*Points through the window*).—Far beyond
 yon hills to the north.

Wil. Give me a hahn, and a 'squire that I may
 go thither.

Otto. For what purpose?

Wil. Wolf says there are many Princes assembled
 there to determine something against you. I'll say
 to them: "Princes, don't do that, for my father is
 strong, and if you displease him, he will kill you.
 You know he killed the Emperor, who was stronger
 than you all, and if—"

Otto. Hold—Begone!

Wil. To Frankfurt!

Otto. Take thy bow, and shoot as many sparrows
 as thou canst.

Wil. I don't like to kill a creature no bigger than
 my hand.

Edg. I shot a sparrow in the wing this morning,
 and when I took it in my hand, it reminded me of
 you, father, for it chirped: Philip! Philip!

Otto. Away from me!

Wil. Father, give me a larger bow, that I may
 kill a buck.

Otto. Thou art not strong enough.

Wil. Oh yes, I am. Let me try whether I can
 raise your sword.—(*Attempts to draw it.*)

Otto. Be quiet, boy.

Wil.—(*Examining the sword*).—Father! Did you
 kill the Emperor with this sword?

Otto.—(*Starts*).—Quell my sighs, this moment,
 both of you! [*Enter Wil. and Edg.*]

Oh conscience, conscience!—Even the simplicity of
 these two boys is a reproach, a scourge to me—
 When in ripest years they find that I could leave
 them nothing but an empire's curse—Oh horrible!
 But I will rack my soul with thoughts like this,
 until it says to itself: "Thou hast endured enough."

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Enter Wolfgang.

Wolff. Oh, my Lord! How do I dread the sight
of any one from Frankfurt!

Otto. Well, what dost thou call this deed?

Wolff. Revenge.

Otto. Murder.—Wretched, wretched'st he, who
comes into the world with strength of mind and
manly fee. Oh Nature, if it be thy wish to mark
the title of a good mother, from its more beings
with the soul or body of a man. Such are-gift
meat for times like these—their lot can be but
slavery and ruin. If those doers with thy children's
happiness, let their slaves be void of strength, their
vines of warmth, their beams of feeding. Perverse
upon them subtlety; a double tongue, and ever
wailing contrition—then wither them a proper
creature for this hospital—the world—But hark!
who comes!

Enter Dorothea.

How, noble Dorothea! Have you so little regard for
your own dignity?

Duch. Do not, dear kinsman, be offended, that I
dare surprise you; but I feel myself compelled to
see you. Tell me, I beseech you—was Count
Winn's death the cause of Philip's anger?

Otto. No. Philip asailed himself of this pretext
to give his conduct some appearance of justice, but
in fact, it was my integrity which made me lose his
favour. Thus it is, noble Princess. I bore the
ungrateful perjured man upon thy shoulders to thy
throne, and scarcely did he sit in state, ere he dis-
missed me from his side, that the world might think
he had risen by his own exertions. Concomitant for

my fidelity, and insult for my waste of blood!—
 Wretch, such was Otto's recompense.

Duch. Shameful ingratitude! Count Palatine, it
 has laid heavy on my soul that I was the instigator
 of Count Winzel's attack upon you.

Otto. You!

Duch. He roused my indignation against you by
 reporting that you had defamed my character. I
 was fool enough to credit his reports, and required
 him to avenge my wrongs. My husband con-
 sidered me of my mistake when it was too late, but,
 Heaven be praised, that I am not the cause of the
 misfortune, which have happened. Let me see
 your sons, dear husband. Where are they?

Otto. Well, bring them hither.—*(Exit Wolf.)*—
 Well, noble Duchess, may Bavaria hope—

Duch. You ask the question, probably, because I
 wish to see your children.—*(With a smile of satis-
 faction.)*—Well, if you suspect it, let me have your
 blessing.

Otto. You are doubly welcome. Otto can still
 rejoice. Accept my warmest wishes for your wel-
 fare—you are appointed by Heaven the mother of
 Bavaria's welfare.

Duch. Count Palatine, your disposition is truly
 noble and generous. How many a man would wish
 that I might never be a mother, if he were, like
 you, the heir to this proud dukedom.

Otto. Shame on the wretch, whose grovelling soul
 could harbour such a thought!—See! That costs
 my hope.

(Enter WINIBALD and EDGAR.)

Duch. Now, lovely children!

Win.—*(Gives her his hand.)*—Father, is this the
 mother you promised to bring us?

ACT IV. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH.

Edg.—(The same).—I hope it is.

Otto. Boys, you remind me of every thing which tortures me. This is the Duchess, your kinsman's wife. Will I wish she had been our mother.

Edg. So do I.

Duch. I thank you, sweet children.—(Kneels down).—Count Palatine, I am going to receive my husband on his return from Frankfort, I have given orders for the erection of some tents upon the garden, where I mean to wait his arrival. Will you allow me to take these children with me? You will oblige me by it, and in a few hours I will restore them to you.

Wil. and *Edg.* Oh, father, let us go.

Duch. Grant their petition, worthy Count.

Otto. Take them, I know they will be in good hands.

Duch. Farewell, then, and come soon to Brunsau.

Otto. To the christening. Angels guard our Duchess!

Wil. and *Edg.* Father, God be with you;

Otto. May he protect you, my children!

[*Exeunt* *Duch.* and *Boys.*]

Enter *Wolf.*

Wolf. Count, your brother Henry is arrived.

Otto. Where is he?

Wolf. He galloped into the court a few minutes since, but would not see yet till the Duchess was gone. He and his horse are covered with dust and sweat as if he had just left the field of battle.

Otto. Call him—

[*Henry* *rushes* into *Otto's* *arms*.]

Hen. Oh my brother!

Otto. What now, Henry?

Hen. My poor, persecuted, and unfortunate brother!

Wolff. Prescribed ! Oh, dreadful day !

Otto. Heavy, is sentence passed upon me ?

Hen. It is—a sentence the most horrible.

Otto. The imperial ban !

Hen. Alas !—Yes.

Otto.—*(After a pause of resignation.)*—I did not think that I was born to suffer this disgrace—what did they call my crime ?

Hen. Regicide.

Otto. Well, the sentence is most just. My crime may be termed regicide on earth, but Heaven will not condemn me as a regicide. God knows, I only felt the death of one man to another, and my fury told me that no judge should decide between man and man, but the sword.

Hen. And now ?

Otto. *Fortis is ultor*, like a broken lance. But no.—My manly courage never shall forsake me.

Hen. Manly courage breeds not injustice.

Otto. The Princes have passed sentence upon me according to the law, which considers the deed, the consequences, and the example. I have laboured to establish the dignity of that power, which now condemns me. Oh brother, wretched as I am, I still can feel some consolation, when I reflect to what a pitch our country may be raised by this spirit of justice, which refuses to be daunted by the splendour of high birth. My disposition is well known. My motive for this deed is also known. Many will pity, none condemn me. I knew that the Princes would rather have forgiven me, but it was not in their power. The safety of the German states demanded vengeance on me. Oh ! 'Twas an unshallowed moment, when the sensation of man's natural freedom overpowered the duties of the friend, the citizen, and subject.—Judges, judges, your sentence is most just.

Hen. Is Otto's nature altered ? Is Otto's spirit

quite subdued? Who made these men your judges? Have we ever said to any one of them: "Be thou our ruler?" And we to bear the yoke which our fathers—

Otto. Hold, brother. We enjoy the rights and privileges which this general union of the German states bestows on every individual of the empire.

Hen. You enjoy them no longer. The states have robbed you of these rights and privileges.

Otto. No, Henry, I have robbed myself of them.

Hen. Brother, if you can really yearn with such ideas it is well—but I cannot. What have I, and what has Egbert done, that we should be condemned?

Otto. You! You!

Hen. Condemned as accomplices in your crime.

Otto. Brother—yes!

Hen. "Be the law of the empire pronounced on Otto, Henry, and Egbert!"

Otto. Henry and Egbert! Damnation! I scarcely can believe it.

Hen. Scarcely could I, when muffled in the habit of a pilgrim, I stood among the spectators at Frankfurt, and heard the herald thence pronounce the law upon me. The words *regicide* and *traitor*, with which Otto's name was branded, still were sounding in my ears, when like an unexpected thunderbolt, sentence was also passed on Henry and on Egbert.—(Otto seems to breathe with difficulty, and his eyes roll horribly.)—Oh my brother, *could* you had been there!

Otto. I am there! You condemned! Henry and Egbert condemned!—no drop of Philip's blood was shed by you, though yours was then shed for him. What is your crime?—Loyalty and zeal—Tyranny, ye Princes, for Otto, though pronounced, as Otto will.—How did Louis act?

Mrs. The Duke remembered that his grandfather was the young.

Otto. How did he act, I say?

Mrs. He defended you with fervour, but finding no one to support him, in your cause, he acquiesced in the sentence.

Otto. And on you?

Mrs. He thought your guilt not proved, and therefore left the court.

Otto. Where is Egbert?

Mrs. I know not. He is probably gone to our sister in Hungary.

Otto. Haply, Henry, then has stung me to the soul. The tribunal calls me regicide—my conscience calls me fratricide. By all the powers of Heaven, I swear, will not bear it. By one murder Otto fell—by a thousand shall his brothers rise. Away! seek your friends, and bring them hither, I will be their leader, and, as I hope for mercy, you shall be restored to all the rights of which you are deprived.—

Mrs. Why not restore yourself to all those rights?

Otto. That must not be. Go, Henry, and return as soon as possible.

Mrs. When the sentinel upon the castle-turrets shall hear the din of arms and neigh of horses, Henry of Andechs and his friends approach.—Farewell.

Otto. Farewell. I will prepare a feast for them. The castle of the proscribed Count shall once more ring with revelry. Away! [Exit—

Scene, a Tent in an open place near Aiche, and not far from Wetzlarbach.

EDG. The people of Brunswick, Wittebach, and
 the Duke of Brunswick, are all in the Tent.
 EDG. But this?

WITTEBACH. I think, that I
 am mistaken.

EDG. I am not, Duke.
 I am not, Duke.

WITTEBACH. I am not, Duke.
 I am not, Duke.

EDG. I am not, Duke.
 I am not, Duke.

WITTEBACH. I am not, Duke.
 I am not, Duke.

EDG. I am not, Duke.
 I am not, Duke.

WITTEBACH. I am not, Duke.
 I am not, Duke.

Enter Duke and Harod.

Duke. I thank you for this proof of your affection,
 my Laskalla.—This is Sir Frederick of Rouen, who
 is sent to me by the Duke of Brunswick.

Har. Duke Otto craves your friendship, little
 lady.

Duch. I thank him. You are welcome, good Sir
 Frederick.

Duke. My love, let us proceed to Braunau.

Duch. How! Why in such haste! I have prepared refreshments for you.

Rea. What castle is that whose lofty towers seem to touch the clouds?

Duke.—(*Castng a melancholy glance towards it.*)—*Wittelsbach.* My love, let us proceed to Braunau.

Duch. What means this look of sorrow. Is Otto's fate decreed?

Rea. It is, and if you know the heart of the Count Palatine, you will lament his fate sincerely. The ban of the empire is denounced against him, and every fencible is permitted to assassinate him.

Duch. My dearest Lewis!

Duke. Oh, do not speak to me. My heart is quite oppressed.

Duch. Thou good, thou excellent man! Is such thy fate, who but to-day bestowed thy blessing on my hopes, although they crushed thy own!—(*Deeply affected.*)—(*Dreadful! Dreadful!*)

Rea. Noble Lady, how this year becomes you!

Duke. Dear Luchella, do not then indulge in unavailing sorrow.

Duch. How could the Prince be condemned so soon, so good a man?

Duke. It was not the Palatine, but the law of God and man, which condemned him. To pardon such a crime were to be guilty of another.

Duch. And has he no resource?

Duke. None.

Duch. Might not your influence—

Duke. My influence shall never lend protection to the guilty. Otto was ever dear to me, and is so still. I call God to witness that I would shed my blood to efface his crime, but were it in my power to pardon him, I would not thus disgrace Bavaria.

Duch. Protect him, and his children, all ye guardian powers.

[*Exit Austly*]

Duke. What means this! Sir Frederick, I beseech you go to Wittelsbach. Tell the unfortunate Count what has happened, and prevail upon him to fly without delay. Catherine and his troop must be already on their way to the castle. Greet him from me, and tell him I lament his fate.

Rea. Age and experience have steel'd my breast, but this is more than I can bear. Once more I tell you, Duke, you have confessed a noble, valiant man. God bestowed on him a simple soul, and fiery temperament. Through these he became a hero, and—a criminal.

Enter DUCHESS and the CHILDREN.

Duch. Know ye these boys?

Wit. and Edg. Whence, kinman Lewis?

Duke. How came they hither?

Wit. The Duchess brought us from Wittelsbach.

Duke. They must away.

Duch. Do you know the way to Wittelsbach?

Both. Oh yes.

Duch. Return, then, to your father.

Edg. Alone!

Wit. For shame, brother. Why run alone?

Duch. Right, Willbold. Alas! You are destined to walk on a far more dangerous path without a guide.

Edg. But if we should lose our way—

Duch. Wretched children! You cannot lose your way. You have no home—no hope—no father.

Wit. No father? Have the Princess at Frankfurt taken him from us?—*(All are much affected.)*

Edg. Oh kinman! You have our Duke. Secure the Princess to let us have our father again.

Rea. Do not be alarmed, dear children. You have still a father.

Duke. Yes—that you have, by all the saints of Heaven. Let this line confirm it!—(Kisses them.)

HR. Come, brother.—(Takes Edgar's hand.)—Let us run home to our father.

Duke. Hold!—Sir Frederick, take them with you. I give you no instructions, for you know my sentiments. I expect you at Brannow in the evening.

HR. I will be there! Till then farewell. Come, children.

Duke. Sir Frederick, bring them to Brannow with you.

HR. If it be possible, I will. Farewell, noble Lady.

Duke. God be with you all!

HR. and Edg. Farewell! Farewell!

[*Exeunt HR. and Edg.*]

Duke. Let us be gone, my love.

Duke. Oh!

Duke. Your distress doubles my own. Remember, dear Lathwilla, remember that the golden nights are ripening fruit. Come I beseech you.

Duke. No resource for Otto?

Duke. None on earth.

Duke. Then be he wretched here, to be here after blessed. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene, an Apartment in the Castle of Witzelsbach.

[*Enter Otto and Warr.*]

Otto. Who are these men, and how many are there?

Warr. Eighty, my Lord. They are Bavarians, and there is not one among them, who has not fought with you. On hearing what had happened, they smother their homes, and are come to offer you their

ACT IV. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. 77

erent and hearty. They are resolved to wash away the hate with blood. Thus said Conrad in the name of all.

Otto, Conrad! Is he among them?—Open my eyes, Wolf, and give them every thing my castle can afford.—What noise is that?

Wolf, Your brother comes.

Enter HEINRICH.

Otto, So soon returned! Art thou a dove or a raven?

Hein, A raven! All is lost. Misfortunes crowd upon us. Troops are already on their march against the prescribed Count of Wittelsbach.—They are led by Charles of Calheim.

Otto, Let them come. They shall feel that Otto still can wield a sword. Have you observed my friends assembled in the court? Go, Wolf, and see they are provided with every thing they want.

(Exit Wolf.)

Hein, Prepare for your defence. Calheim is not far distant with his troops.

Otto, 'Tis well. The savory smoke of my chimney shall lure them so near that we may play them with our lances from the walls.

Hein, Your force is small, brother. It consists of only eighty—

Otto, Now! Conrad of Aicha is among them, and if his companions bear any resemblance to him, we shall not long be creep'd within their cage. Then with my naked sword will I open the jaws of your judges, and compel them to swallow the sentence they have passed on you and thybert.

Enter CONRAD, and some of his comrades.

Con, Into the field, Count Poltime! Lead us

into the field. From the turret we discern some troops approaching.

OTTO. Are you all Bavarians?

CON. To a man. There is not one among us, whom I should be ashamed to call my brother. "To battle!" is the general cry of all.

OTTO. Be not so hasty. We must know them, ere we march against them.

Enter WILHELM and PHILIP.

HIL. Phila.

PHI.

OTTO.

HIL.

[Exit.]

Conund, retire awhile with thy companions.

[Re-enter Con. and Cam.]

Welcome a thousand times!

HEN. Duke Lewis greets you thus. — *(Gives him his hand.)*

Mrs. Greets he thus the man, against whom he has denounced the empire's ban?—He slays his friend—then needs him tokens.

HEN. Think you that I would accept employment so absurd? Lewis's heart is noble.

OTTO. It is. He would not condemn my brethren.

Mrs. But he condemned you.

HEN. Count Henry, I can witness that he did it with reluctance the most painful. Honour and a kinsman's love contended in his bosom. He de-
fended the Count's palace with ardour.

OTTO. Defended me! But why did he say nothing in defence of my brethren?—For them alone is my nature roused. The voice of conscience and of every duty is cleared in my bosom. Sooner will I

heap murder upon murder—sooner will I bear the
poison of monster and assassin through the world
than any one shall dare to lay a hand on Henry or
on Egbert.—Damnation! Is it their wish to crush
at one blow all the race of noble Berthold? By my
soul I swear that shall not be.

Hen.—*(Enteres him.)*—My brother!

Hen. Allow me to say a word upon this subject
—Count Palatine! When did you know a crime
committed in a moment of passion effaced again by
passion?—Why did neither of your brothers come
to prove your innocence? They would not have
been refused safe conduct to the court.

Hen. None of our race has ever stood before a
tribunal.

Hen. None, none, but I am here, Count of
Andechs, you wish to see him—He appears
when we are in the hall—He is at
Bismberg in the forest—He is in
brother's power.

I am the only one who can save him—
and I am prepared to do so—At the
moment of my death, I have given
you my word and honour
that I will save you and your brother
from the Imperial ban.

Hen. I have remained when
you had not been—You promised to the Count of
Andechs.

Hen. You shall be the first to see me, no deception.

Hen. I assert and will maintain that there was
none. I saw only the Prince pass the sentence
and in the eye of Lewis stand a fear. Even the high
Bishop's faithful servants wept, and, said you,
for they had heard their master's dying words.

Hen. He cursed me, no doubt.

Hen. No. He cursed the day on which he in-

jured you. He invented your hot temper, which had thus destroyed you both. "Woe be to him," cried he, "who caused the difference between us!" He pardoned you sincerely, called you his noble friend, invoked a blessing on you, and expired.

Otto.—(*In most violent agitation.*)—Watch that I see!—The murderer of my friend!—Oh, Philip, Philip, Philip!

Reu. Dear brother, whence this sudden agitation?

Otto. Ah, now do I feel the real ban. The enraged Almighty Ruler has denounced his ban against my soul. A thousand demons are at once awake within me. My friend murdered by myself—my Philip—my Emperor, whose heart had never harboured any bad intention of me! Oh, day of horror! I am no longer Otto.

Reu. Fools that I was to lend you the suit of armour, and suffer you to leave my castle unaccompanied. But what avail my complaints? Let us now think of means.—

Otto. Raise the murdered Philip from his grave, or stick up more of me. I will think of nothing but the noble Philip. Sir Frederick, to you I recommend my brethren. Upon your honour I rely for their acquittal. And now, oh, God, sustain me, while I touch upon the most painful part of my distress. Frederick, my children!

Reu. Lewis has sworn by all the saints of Heaven that he will be their father.

Otto.—(*After some reflection.*)—No. They will but ramp up him of their fathers. In the empire they cannot now remain. I will send them to a friend, who dwells in the woods of Arden.

Mag. I hear the shout of war.

Enter WOLF and CONRAD.

Wolf. My Lord, the castle is surrounded.

Con. Lead us out. Let us drive this Count of Calheim home again.

Rea. They are already come—alas, before I have fulfilled the Duke's command.

Otto. Conrad, dost thou speak in the name of thy comrades?

Con. Yes. My words are theirs.

Otto. Let some of the oldest among them come hither, that they may hear my sentiments. Call them, Wolf.

[Exit Wolf.]

Enter WILHELM and EDGAR.

Wil. Father! Father! There are many men come.

Edg. They want to catch you, father.—(Otto looks at his men for some time—then turns away in great affliction.)

Enter Wolf and BAVARIAN.

Otto. Why are you come hither, that in name, my countryman?

Con. The empire's law is denounced against you. We are come to protect you.

Otto. Know you what it is to do this? By opposing the decree of the empire, you render yourself partakers in our guilt. Surely your heart must smite towards Heaven, when I view my crime. Hear me, I am the murderer of the Emperor. In your instance he not raised by this, there still more he was my friend—he spared me I grant—but he was my emperor—my lord. Will you protect me?

Con. and M. We will.

Otto. If any one among you had been injured by your Duke, and were to murder him, would you protect that man? You are silent. Right! Such conduct would be treason in its vilest shape. Begi-

vide a parenthesis, for princes are the fathers of their

subject.—Bavarians, will you protect me now! You are silent. Oh, return to your homes, I beseech you. I welcomed you at first, because I thought the conduct of the tribunal unjust towards my brothers. I find, however, it was not so. Innocence and truth will relieve them from the ban, but guilt hangs heavy upon me. No blind attachment should direct you. Justice alone should be your guide. Go home and pray for me.

Hrs. Brother, whether so fast?

Otto. Follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, the Gates and Walls of Wittelsbach—Calheim and his Troops have surrounded the Castle.

Cal.—(Strikes the gates with his sword.)—Yield, yield, then proscribed regime! Give the signal.—*(Trumpets sound.)*—Otto of Wittelsbach, hear the command of Louis, Duke of Bavaria.

[*Otto appears upon the walls.*]

Hrs. What says my kinsman Louis?

Cal. He commanded us to march against the murderer of our lawful Emperor, to take him prisoner, and raise his castle to the earth.

Otto. Are those the words of Louis?

Cal. They are my words, and the meaning of Duke Louis.

Otto. Then pressing hard!

Cal. Then hang thy regime! Dost thou mean to dwell within thy castle?

Otto! No.—*(Calls.)*—Open the gates. Conrad, withdraw, and take thy comrades to their homes. I regret my hasty decision to thee and thine for this matter of affection.—*(The gates are opened, and Conrad appears with the Bavarians.)*

Cal. Hold! who art you, and why are you in arms?

Com. Bavarians—Friends of Otto, Count Palatine of Wittelsbach. Make way, and let us pass.

Col. Held, I say! Why are you in arms?

Com. We intended to have stretched you, and your followers in the dust, but Otto has commanded us to go in peace. Make way, or we must disobey him.—(Begins to force a passage.)**

Col. Ha! Here comes the ringleader!

Enter OTTO, leading WILHELM; and HENRY, leading EDGAR; followed by RICH, WALT, and Attendants.

Col. Seize him instantly!—(He approaches Otto, and seizes him.)*—*(To Henry.)*—*Conrad and the Duke's army will surround the Count Palatine with**

There are to fly a band

of men, and will surround

—My brother!

Col. How can it be then that you obey your Duke's commands? You have, perfidious, perjured Otto!

Otto. Bavarians, I thank you for my life, on account of my children. To myself it is a hateful burden. I have not rained my sword to protect myself from justice. If there be one among you, who requires my blood to pacify the shade of Philip, let him step forth. Welcome is death to me from the hand of a man, who demands it freely a moiety to exalted, and to his protection I will bequeath my children. Frederick of Rhine, once more I charge you to remember my brothers and your promise. Bear my last greeting to my children, Lewis, and recommend my brave defender to his generous nature. Farewell, farewell, my brother—children, bid farewell to your countrymen and Wittelsbach.—(Takes the skirt in his arms—Henry the other.)**

Ed. and Edg. Farewell, countrymen! Farewell, Wittelsbach!—(The Romans return thanks by dropping their arms.)

Otto. Thank them for your father.

Ed. and Edg. We thank you for our father.

Otto. And now let us rejoice. Come, my children! Another day will witness us—brother—friends—

*—and I shall be able to take his children
—and I shall be able to take his children
—and I shall be able to take his children
—and I shall be able to take his children*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scenes, the Ruins of Wittelsbach Castle. The country is covered with heaps of stone and rubbish. It is midnight.

Enter Conrad, and another Inhabitant of Ellich—each with a lance and mottick.

Edg. Conrad, the men have compassion on our chieftain, for if it were not so light, I should never find my way, well as I know every part of this country.

Con. Neighbour, is that Wittelsbach?

Edg. It was³ neighbour.

Con. Alas! why is the shade of generosity and virtue abandoned to the night-crowns? This was once the refuge of every one in distress! How many thousands, "who entered Wittelsbach with heavy hearts, have returned hither and contented. He, whose language was not understood within a hundred miles, found Otto ready to receive him. Oh, should some stranger wander hither, who, when

at home, has heard of Otto's hospitality, what will he feel, when he beholds these ruins?—²² Why was the castle of the noble Count demolished?²³ He will ask; then, leaning on his spear, he will listen to the mournful tale, and with a sigh pursue his way.

*Isk. Neighbour, it is a struggle, but we must return
 to our poor old wretch.*

Con. This spectacle induces us not, still, for gold.

Isk. Shall I begin to search among the rubbish?

*Con. Ay, for what I care.—(Isk. goes to the heap
 ground, and begins his search.)—His pains will be
 fruitless: for the Counts of Wittelsbach were never
 wont to hoard their wealth.*

Isk. Ceased!

Con. Have you found any thing?

*Isk. Not yet. How slight and dreary it is all
 around!*

*Con. Amuse yourself by whistling or by singing,
 neighbour.*

Isk. Hark!

Con. What now?

Isk. I heard a noise.

*Con. A goblin in the neighbourhood, perhaps.
 When it comes so near as to be seen, retire. Have
 you discovered any thing yet?*

Isk. No. We have had luck, Ceased!

Con. I am not surprised at that.

*Isk. Not surprised! Why, were not Otto's an-
 cestors always accounted rich? Did they not give
 away their wealth by handfuls?*

Con. That is the very reason why you find none.

Isk. Pshaw! They could not give it all away.

*Con. Neighbour, let me advise you to give over
 your search. It is folly to seek²⁴ gold in the shade
 of virtue.*

Isk. Why, I came by your advice.

*Con. True, and I own folly in having given you
 such advice. Neighbour, your wants distress me,*

but time spent here is only lost. I should be thoroughly ashamed were any one to find us here, good as our intentions are. Every Bavarian ought to weep, when he beholds these ruins, for here dwelt the noblest of Bavaria's princes. I could talk to every stone which I behold, and weep.

Isk. I have as many sorrows of my own.—Hark! I heard something again.

Chs. Fear!

Isk. I can distinguish footsteps.

Chs. Footsteps! I would not be detected with this vile mistake. Let us conceal ourselves, and observe who passes.—*(Hide themselves in the ruins.)*

Enter OTTO, WOLF, WILHELM, and EDGAR.

Otto. Once more the swallow flutters around its nest, and chirps with gratitude, then—then, farewell for ever!—*(Stops and surveys the ruins.)*—Oh, Wittelsbach! Wittelsbach!

Wolf. My Lord, why are you come hither? This dismal spectacle will but increase your misery. Follow my advice, my Lord, and quit this dreary spot.

Wil. Father, who has destroyed our castle?

Edg. We have no home now.

Otto. Peace, peace, my children. The gravedigger will not long procure us an asylum. While we can bear the load of life, we will share the habitation of the stag. There we can patiently await the hour, at which the Almighty shall summon us away. Pray to him, children. Beseech him to bestow on you two feet instead of these two hands, that you may fly far from the hazards of men, and band with the beasts of the forest. Poor luckless beings! The most wretched of mankind has still a name; but you, alas, have none! Oh! could I weep, I would baptize you with my tears, and call you Outcasts of Wittelsbach. Hark! Wittelsbach is no

Con. We are come upon a very foolish errand, Count Palatine.

Otto. Folly will produce nothing but repentance. What is your errand?

Con. My Lord, I will confess what it is, though it is to my disgrace. My neighbour, here, has a father nearly seven of age, who is sick, and stretched upon a bed of illness. He came to me, and begged my assistance. Money I had none, for I had spent my all in the late wars. What was to be done? Suddenly it occurred to me that my neighbour might, perhaps, find something of value buried in these ruins.

Otto. Have you succeeded?

Con. We were fools to fancy that we ever should.

Otto. Why so? Do you think there is nothing of value buried there? Do you remember, Conrad, that my grandfather, Otto, supported from his private coffers a whole army for Bavaria's defence? Do you remember that my father, Berthold, during the famine, sat at his own table cross of bread stuffed in water, that he might support thousands of his countrymen? Thinkest thou, they did not thereby hoard a treasure?

Con. What treasure?

Otto. The blessing of Bavaria upon Wittelsbach.

Con. and Jud. True! True!

Otto. But I have shaken off this blessing, and loaded myself with a curse. I was a good branch of the old tree; but I bore destructive fruit, and it was right to lop me off. May the tree remain! May posterity reap beneath the shade of it, and may no one ask—"Who was a branch of such a noble stem lopped off?" Lewis, thou hast condemned me. Lewis, thou hast my blessing.

Con. Say but one word, and you shall be restored to all your former dignity.

Otto. What word?

Con. War.

Edw. and Edg. War.

Otto.—(To the children.)—Ye thoughtless boys! Why do you utter such a word? Here I rest shed the blood of him who ruled the empire! Shall I stain my hands with blood as though the emperor were still alive?—No!—I will revenge on the traitor Conrad the death of my father!—I will not wait till he comes!—I will go forth now!

Edw. and Edg. You go now, my father. The emperor will be angry.

Otto. Alas! Hitherto I journeyed by the light of day through court and country, but now—peace, peace! I will offight to the Holy Land. As for thee, take thy old father to the hospital of Munich, lately founded by the Duke.

Edw. Na, my Lord.

Otto. Why not?

Edw. I would rather stand for his support! Would it not be an everlasting shame upon me, if I were to let the Prince maintain him when it is my duty?

Otto. Blessings on thee, good Bavaria! Well, hast thou any money left?

Edw. Not more than you will absolutely want, my Lord.

Otto. True. I do want it. Give it hither.—There! Show that with Conrad.—(Gives it to the servant of Archa.)

Con. No, no, Count Palatine.

Otto. Conrad, I have not given thee this without a motive. Take these two boys, and be their protector for a few days, when I shall send a man from the roads of Arden to them.

Edw. I'll stay with you, father.

Edg. So will I, father.

Otto. Have you a father? No. I deprived you of him, by trying to bestow on you a mother. Go, children—Go with this man. You know him?

Wol. and Edg. Yes, we know Conrad, but—

Otto. No more! Go with him. Conrad, take them away.

Edg. Why do you send us away?

Wol. Have we done any thing wrong?

Otto. Horror! Horror! Oh, spare me, Conrad.—But yet another kiss—a father's kiss. Oh, God! How difficult it is to part with those we love—for ever! Farewell, my brothers—Withhold!—Farewell, my Edgar! The guardian angels of Heaven protect you!—Conrad, it was lucky that I found thee here. Go—go!—and greet my neighbours, the citizens of Aachen.

Con. Blessings on you, noble Otto! Had you not entrusted such a treasure to me, I would have wandered with you to the world's end.

Wol. Father, we shall soon meet again.

Edg. Very soon, I hope.

Otto. My heart-strings will crack. Away! Away!—*(Enter Con. and Hays.)*—Yes, we shall meet again—and soon perhaps, for soon my hapless infants will no longer have a natural protector.—*(Softly to herself.)*—I have often secretly valued much upon this steadfast manly spirit which never would allow misfortune to deprive it, but now—*(Covering her face.)*

Wol.—*(hat rgs him for a moment.)*—His eyes dimmed, no more, although his heart is bleeding. This was Witeltsbach—and this was Otto.

Otto. Let us quit this spot.

Hays. As you come, my Lord.

Otto. Well!

Hays. What now, my—

Otto. How old art thou?

Hays. Thirty-five years.

OTTO. Go, then, to Braunau. Tell the Duke thou wert his kinsman's armour-bearer. Lewis will support thee.

WOLF. Could you, then, demand me? May my soul wait mercy, if I ever leave you! I can dress your wounds at least.

OTTO. I never believe them. Apply the balms to my heart, but do not touch my wounds.

WOLF. Alas! I cannot do that.

OTTO. I never will.

WOLF. Alas!

OTTO. She is dead.

WOLF. Alas!

OTTO. She is dead.

WOLF. Alas!

OTTO. She is dead.

WOLF. Alas!

OTTO. She is dead.

WOLF. Alas!

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WOLF. Alas!

OTTO. She is dead.

WOLF. Alas!

OTTO. She is dead.

WOLF. Alas!

OTTO. She is dead.

Hen. Let us then away to Wittelsbach. Lewis, I hear, is gone from Braunsow to Neuburg.

Eph. For what reason?

Hen. He expects to meet Otto of Brunswick there, whom he means to accompany to Aix. Otto will doubtless now be chosen Emperor. This is a happy circumstance for us, if the ambassador, Sir Frederick of Rieux, keep his promise.

Eph. But our poor brother—

Hen. When we are again restored to our dignities, we shall have power enough to gain his pardon. Come! let us seek him.

Eph. I have a noise.

Hen. Trac. Let us conceal ourselves. I can distinguish some one in armour. *[They retire.]*

Enter CALBEIN, with his troops.

Cal. The intelligence may be true or false. It will pass through this wood. I will follow, and I will save the stream, and I will keep my duty towards my king. I will not go out, for it would be to my dishonour. I will stay, where he no longer will be. I will appear to each his part at the end of the road. Such men as he used the path which others tread. Come! *[Exit with his troops.]*

HENRY and ROBERT appear.

Hen. There did I shrink unarmed, while they boiled within my breast. Calbein! Calbein! Thou monster!

Eph. Oh, brother, let us fly to find him.

Hen. Away towards Wittelsbach! I know the way. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter CALLEBAK, with some followers.

Cal. We will, as I told you, guard this bridge. The spy, whom I employed, has never yet received me, and, according to his account, Otto intends to pass through Hungary to Jerusalem.—*(Aside.)*—True, my good friend, Arnsberg. Were this man in reality alive, and find that thou wert the cause of the Emperor's conduct toward him, the consequences might be fatal to thee. But thou shalt not repeat this confidence thou hast repared to me. I hate this Otto, and will not leave the death of my old master, Philip, unavenged. As for his helldams, they may wander where they will. Let Otto kill, and Callebak's vengeance is complete.—*(Goes towards the bridge, where his followers have stretched themselves at their post.)*

Enter OTTO and WOLF.

Wolf. I heard several voices distinctly behind the right and left. Oh, my Lord, beware lest thou fall into any snare laid for you by this Charles of Callebak.

Otto. Have we not thus far pursued our way unobscured? But now—! am wary. I must repeat beneath those rocks awhile.

Wolf. You say oft, my Lord? Alas! you are indeed too long! Otto! Otto!—*(Calls.)*—Do not stay here. I have seen the Emperor's banner.

Otto. This is of my own. I have seen the Emperor's banner. The last flight past us, and the Emperor's banner is not yet seen. The last flight past us, and the Emperor's banner is not yet seen.

Wolf. I beseech you, let us proceed.

Cal. Hells!—Who goes there?

[His followers spring up.

Woff. Away! Away!

Otto. Hells, friend! Come nearer. Who appointed thee toll-gatherer at this bridge! I will pay nothing. Let me pass.

Cal. That voice, and that person, if the twilight deceive me not, betray you are—

Woff. Draw, my Lord.

Otto. A man. If thou dost doubt it, come nearer that I may rub my beard across those eyes, and wake thee.

Cal.—(To his men.)—’Tis he.

Woff. Oh, my Lord! Away! Away! ’Tis Calheim, your enemy. Away!

Otto. Ha!—Calheim, I am Otto. Heaven reward thee for the trouble thou hast had! No luxury could have razed my castle so completely. No master’s tool could have so perfectly despoiled it. Hast thou, then, changed thy trade? Art thou become a watchman—or what art thou?

Cal. I am the avenger of majesty and of the empire. Fie! regicide. No longer have I slept there, as at Wittelsbach.

Woff. Fly, my Lord, fly.

Otto. Otto never fled from man. Though no Bavarian banner now defend me, still do I stand upon Bavarian soil. Firm as an oak I stand. Who will sell it?

Cal. I!—(Stabs him from behind.)

Woff. Villain!—(Attempts to draw his sword, but is disarmed.)

Otto. That was a dastardly attack.—(Falls.)—Ye oggards!—Oh! Well aimed! Well aimed!

[Woff appears to him.

Cal. I am satisfied with this revenge—he then so with the punishment. A regicide deserves far more.

OTTO. That is true,—therefore—I pardon thee.—
(*Falls.*)

Hoff. Oh do not fall, my Lord.

OTTO. Yes, Wolf. Life ebbn a pace. Farewell,
my trusty servant!—Farewell, my childhood! and
Bavaria! (*Dies.*)

Hoff. Oh day of horror!—(*Tears his hair in
frantic agony. Some of Calheim's followers stand
near Otto, and survey him with a look of mingled
awe and horror.*)

*Enter HENRY and EDBERT, conducted by some of
CALHEIM'S men.*

CAL. Who are you?

HEN. What do I see? My brother! Oh, Otto!
Otto!

EDB. God of Heaven!—(*They fall at each side of
the body.*)

Hoff. Away! Rob me not of my office. I am
his surgeon and his grave-digger.

HEN. Who committed this dreadful act?

CAL. I, the avenger of murder, and the corpse,
the executioner of the law, the punisher of traitors—
Charles of Calheim!

(*Henry and Edbert bend at each side of their
brother, Wolf at his head. The curtain slowly de-
scends.*)

DAGOBERT,
KING OF THE FRANKS.

A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS

FROM
B A D O.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DAGBERT, lawful King of the Franks.
CLOTHARIO, Keeper of his Throne.
GERMOLD, Father of Dagbert, and Prime Minister of
the Kingdom.
CLAUDE, a Knight related to Dagbert.
DOMIN, }
RACON, } Knights.
RAGON, }
OSMAN, }
CLOTHAIR, }
OFFICERS.
HERALDS.

WOMEN.

ADALGONDE, Wife of Dagbert,
and, Daughter of Dagbert and Adalgonde.

Knights—Soldiers—Peasants, &c.

DAGOBERT,

KING OF THE FRANKS.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene, a Square, in which a great multitude is assembled. Dagobert, in the mean Habit of a Pilgrim, is sitting upon a Step at the Entrance of a House.

DAGOBERT surveying the Multitude.

Dag. How wonderful! Not a single eye is turned towards me.—Were I a transporter of *sanctity* or holiness, instead of a poor man, thousands would look at me.—I know not one person in this crowd, and yet there are doubtless many, whom I formerly knew.—In an interval of ten years makes so great an alteration in the features!—How little, then, must I resemble King Dagobert, since distress and anguish have been my daily companions.—Alas! Must they be my companions in *heaven* too?

Trumpets announce a Herald's approach. The crowd turns to the quarter from which the sound is heard.
—Enter a Herald, accompanied by Soldiers, of whom one bears the royal banner.

Herald. Childbert the Second, King of the Franks, announces to his people that he will this

day solemnize his marriage with the royal widow, Adalgunda. Be the day a day of joy! Long live the royal pair!

Some of the people. Long live King Childobert and Queen Adalgunda!—*(The Herald proceeds to another street—the crowd follows.)*

Day. Daggled by the workless pair!

Gomer.—*(Approaches from the retiring crowd, and surveys Day.)*—Dost thou not rejoice at thy monarch's nuptials?

Day. I am . . . fore-gone.

Gom. Whence art thou come?

Day. From Rome.—I have been a miserable sinner, and for the sake of gain once entered into the service of the Saxon heathens. With them I burnt and plundered many a cloister—many a church—till Heaven at length taught me to repent. I journeyed to Ireland, in hopes that the pious bishop Wilfrid would grant me absolution, but he sent me to Rome. I promised to deliver his greeting to some knight here, and for that purpose travel through this country on my return to Ireland.

Gom. To Ireland, sayst thou?

Day. Yes.

Gom. To whom dost thou bring greeting, from the pious bishop Wilfrid?

Day. To Clovis and one Gomer.

Gom. Dost thou know them?

Day. I know the former. He gave me a friendly welcome last night when I arrived. The other has only resided here five years—him I do not know.

Gom. I will be.

Day. You!

Gom. Yes. I am Gomer.

Day. That is possible. If it be true, expect me here.—I shall soon return.

Gom. Hold! Answer me a question. If thou dost answer it according to my wish, my house

and home shall be thine, and thou shalt want no comfort in thy declining years.—(*Louis suspiciously regard.*)—Didst thou never hear that some time ago a monarch sat upon this throne, called Dagobert?

Dag. Undoubtedly, but—peace be to his soul—it must now be ten years since he died.

Gow. Didst thou hear nothing more of him in Ireland?

Dag. As I tell you, I heard that Dagobert with his name, and—

Gow. Not that he was alive?

Dag. How? Alive!

Gow. It is said that he lives with the pious Wilfrid.

Dag. Indeed!—(*Aside.*)—Were this Gomar—but I dare not—

Gow. What matterst thou respecting Gomar?

Dag. I wish much to see him, that I may be enabled to proceed on my journey.

Gow. By Heaven thou art the first who ever dared to doubt my name.

Dag. Pardon me, noble knight. I was not formerly suspicious, but many circumstances I have witnessed during my pilgrimage have made me so. It is said, too, that many villainous transactions have taken place at this court. Be not incensed at the freedom of my speech. If we know each other, I might address you in a very different manner.

Gow. Thou art a strange man.

Dag. Strange indeed in this ragged mantle.

Gow. Come with me to my house. I will give thee a hearty welcome.

Dag. I thank you, knight, but my way lies through that street. Farewell.

Gow. Stay. Thou comest Clovis. Thou wilt now hear who I am.

[Dag. retires.]

Enter CLOVIS.

Cl^o. Oh Gernar, have I at last found you! Instantly accompany me. I will with a single word breathe fire into your every vein.—*(Whispers in his ear.)*

Gern. God of Heaven! Arrived!—Peace, friend.
—We are not alone.—*(Points to Dag.)*

Dag. Clerk, kneel thou thy guest!

Cl^o. Heaven! 'Tis he himself—my monarch.—
How dare you—at such a time—so with a slave—

Dag. Be at ease. Who will think of seeing the descendant Dagobert in this unshaken? Even the perfidy of my people, who could so soon forget me, is a security against all dangers. Who will interest himself about a beggar?—Even now, a herald was here, proclaiming the abhorrent union. Oh, Clerk, his words spalled us, and like the curse of the Almighty.

Gern. — *(When last seen, set in a chaise, drove him off at Dagobert's feet.)*—Hast in the hour at which I am again allowed to see my King. Behold a faithful subject at your feet. In this bosom beats the heart of an honest Frank. Think not you are forgotten. Time and deception have clouded the recollection of you in the minds of your people; but in every heart is lodged the thought that Dagobert is the last branch of the royal family. This thought will excite every one to noble deeds.—Let us raise the latent spark.

Dag. That will we, by the Almighty. Rise, Frank, and come into the arms of a Frank.—*(Embraces him.)*—And now, friends, what think you of Adelgisund?—The faithless wretch!

Cl^o. Tyranny, and the artifice of Grimbald have compelled her to take this step. Often have I heard

her toward your death with floods of tears. Oh, if she knew you were alive—

Dag. To you my friends, as well as to her, my fate was unknown. You were ignorant how I fell into the traitor's snare, how my subjects were deceived as to my death, and how vilely I was treated. You know not that I was dragged by hard slaves into the remote desert of Ireland, where I was doomed to undergo misery and want. No. You thought me dead, yet still remained faithful to your sovereign and justice. But she—To-day we shall see whether virtue, or a shameful attachment to Childsbert and royal page will guide her actions. Friends, I fear my wife is lost,—for a faithful wife would sooner throw herself into the arms of death than the arms of an usurper.—To-day I must see him—to-day I must be convinced.

Ch. You hurried not too much.

Dag. He, who has lost every thing but life, can hazard nothing—for death is a blessing to him.

Gen. But he who has friends, has not lost every thing.

Dag.—(*Buried in reflection.*)—Are a king's friends real friends?

Ch. How!

Gen.—(*Displeased.*)—I love the man who deserves it, whether he be king or slave.

Dag.—(*Still in deep meditation.*)—Yes—see her I must,—her and my Ada—this very day. Oh, if it be true, the treasures of the dead are nothing compared to mine.

Ch. My King!

Dag. Do you know me?

Gen. You are our King. We acknowledge no other.

Dag. Do not fancy that my senses are bewildered. No, my friends. I meant to ask whether you knew me in this habit.—Clovis, when I last night came to

your house, you did not know me—nor did you, Gen-
nec, recognize me to-day. You thought me a poor
foreign pilgrim.—*To wall.*—No one will discover
who I am. Go home, or elsewhere, as your con-
science may direct—but lay not your sword aside,
nor sleep, for you might be suddenly awake. In an
hour go to the palace.—See, see! Some one
comes hastily this way.

Gen. It is Cleonius.—Conceal yourself.

Cle. He has not perceived me. Withdraw with
me.

Daq. I shall remain here.

Gen. Then are you lost. He is Grimbald's
slave.

Daq. He cannot know me.

Cle. But he knows us to be disaffected men, as
he terms it, and enemies to his master. The vi-
lains will become suspicious. Go, if you please.
I will remain.—*(Both appear nervous and dis-
tressed.)*

Enter Cleonius.

Cle. Well, knight, why thus solitary?—*Enter*
Daq. Come to the capital banquet at the palace.—*(To Daq.)*
—Who art thou?

Daq. A poor man, whom Heaven has allowed to
penetrate into the secret mysteries of fate.

Cle. A seer, then,—a sort of prophet I sup-
pose!

Daq. True—but not one of those, who are
usually met with. My art has been acknowledged
and admired in many countries.

Cle. Then you have been telling these knights
a few truths, I suppose—and very unpleasant truths
they must be, if I may judge by their looks.—You,
Mr. Seer, come with me to the palace. I'll
make your fortune—but you must banish all sorrow

matter, and produce nothing but happiness. (Come,

—**The City and County.**—Will you go with me?

Cl. Clodomir, I shall not part with this stranger. I received him into my house, and hospitality demands that he should remain there.

Chad. In the next weeks, we offer guidance on

Costs will be reduced.

Chadwick To Doug: *Will we not joke with them?*

Day. I am warmly incited, but will accompany you. I may, perhaps, to-day afford some assistance to the country.

Chief. There, there, art right. But the stars say what they will—but be merry, be merry—for no one wishes to be belated. *(The stars enter, singing, or mumbled songs.)* I'll give you the dance, I would people say. *(The stars dance.)* At last! Hark! Dost thou hear? *(The stars dance.)* Thou requires praise! *(The stars dance.)* He has heard and he has seen! *(The stars dance.)* He will like mine tales. *(The stars dance.)*

time—though I am very fond of holding an subject where skill and address are necessary. I feel at least, on these subjects, as every one in the palace will tell you. Go further with me.—Come, I will be accountable for his safety.

(No. That will I regret. Come with me.—*Takes Desobert's hand, and attempts to lead him off.*)

Good. I think you are very forward.

Ch. Clem can never be too forward, when addressing Gladwin.

Day. Contented yet, knights, respecting you. Noble Clow, I thank you for your hospitality.—(To Clod.)—Come, lead me to the palace.

(Chaf. For ten years, Clerk, I have warned you to speak more temperately—you *can* not.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

[The sentence is as follows, but is dropped by Green.]

Gen. Did you observe with what eagerness he availed himself of an apology for being admitted into the palace? His eye seemed to prognosticate some mighty deed. It burned with lustre indescribable.

Cl. Gensar, he shall mount the throne of his ancestors, if my body be the first step to it. Heaven knows that my intentions are pure, and that royal favour is not my object: But shall Frank be any longer ruled with a rod of iron? Oh, Gensar, posterity will not believe that a man of spirit exalted among us—

Gen. Come, Clotis. Let us announce to our friends the banished King's return.

Cl. Right—then, observe his every step in the palace—defend him—and die for him.

Gen. Or protect him, and live for Ada.

Cl. Gensar, what mean you?

Gen. Do you no longer love her?

Cl. Friend, the question is a dagger to my heart.—Oh, Ada, Ada, thou art lost to me.

Gen. Lost! when you appear to have reached the goal of your wishes?

Cl. Lost, lost for ever.

Gen. Can Dagobert refuse to grant his friend and protector—

Cl. Instant the question. Would not the world say that Clotis was interested in the restoration of Dagobert? No. Never shall private advantage influence me. When I do for Dagobert, my conscience and my honour command me to do for my King. No one can bestow upon me the hand of Ada, but Ada herself. Clotis cannot be a hireling, and accept a recompense for his actions. But enough. Let us begone. Our monarch's situation demands our instant attendance.

[Exeunt.]

thia. Go, visit Adélaïde, and beg her to fix an hour for the solemnisation of your nuptials.

Ch. Allow me a few moments—let me reflect—
Get, Reflect! This conduct is absurd.

Ch. Absurd, indeed, to be dazzled by the splendour of a crown, and harbour any paucity of mind for regal pomp. Be not angry, my father. Allow me for a moment to be really a King and to speak frankly. You told me that I should find happiness on the throne; whereas care has been my constant companion. I am the slave of a whole nation, and my smallest error is censured with an outcry by thousands. The world is quarrelsome of him, who steps forward from millions, and ventures on the government of millions.

Get, Ha, you the King, and let the government rest with me.

Ch. And shall I for ever surrender my power of mind—may even be deprived of what most dignifies a King—the power of doing good?

Get. Who deprives you of this?

Ch. He that the power itself; for the oppressed sufferer is so far removed from the throne, that his complaints cannot reach the monarch's ear.

Get. The meanest slave, could not harbour notions more degraded. I have raised you so high that your stammer soon creaks. I told that I was!

Enter Countess.

Count. A trifling circumstance may be productive of mortal havoc.

Get. Why this remark?

Count. You shall hear. It is evident how difficult it is to persuade the Queen that her union with King Childsbert is proper. You know how she weeps, and talks of her dear Dagobert.

Chl. Is this all you have to say?

Clot. By no means, for what I have said is merely a prelude to what you shall now hear. I have remarked that all women have one weakness, and that is a sort of nervous susceptibility. An occurrence, to which a man would pay no attention, has often great effect upon a female mind. I saw you are impatient. I now come to the point. About an hour ago, as I was coming towards the palace, I met with a coachman, whom I have brought with me—^a learned man, I assure you. He told me every circumstance that had happened to *me* since I lived at court.—How if you were to introduce this man to the Queen, and make him the vehicle of your wishes?

Gri. Right, Clodomir. He must say that this vision is the decree of Heaven.

Clot. Such was my idea.

Gri. That the welfare of the kingdom, as well as her own, demands it.

Clot. Certainly.

Gri. What a paltry artifice!

Gri. Thanks, Clodomir! Adalgunda's sorrow, whether real or assumed, will be thereby moderated. You must give the man proper instructions.

Clot. To make the matter more probable, some other person must consult this man in the presence of the queen. For instance, you, Goodfellow. Consult him respecting yourself.—

Gri. I—no—no—I don't wish that. King Dagobert, will you not go to Adalgunda?

Clot. Of course I must.—

{Exit.

Gri. Hark now, Clodomir. I am by no means satisfied with my son's conduct. His mind is not superior to common propensities. His heart is soft as wax. A deed, which he condemns as infamous, appears to him, when exhibited in another light, worthy of imitation. Plead the phantom, which he

calls Victor, in gloomy colours, and he will fly from it as if it were Vice. His affection for me has restrained him from many a silly action.

Clad. Very good qualities for a King, who is under your direction.

Grc. Clodomir, ask this seethamer—that you must not suppose I pay any regard to such things, for that would be ridiculous—yet—perhaps—ask him if Dagobert be dead.—I must own this idea gave and cheap.—Clodomir, you were the cause of my sparing his life.

Clad. I own 't, and am sorry for it. I was then weak, and foolish sensation of pity had a place in my bosom.—But be at ease, Distance, and your firm-estated power make it of little consequence whether he be dead or not.—What were you about to say of your son?

Grc. I fear that when Adalgunda becomes acquainted with his weaknesses—

Clad. At all events, then, my advice, it is one thing bad, will be another good. Did I not advise you to place the crown on your own head?

Grc. True. I ought to have done so.

Clad. And is it now too late?

Grc. Had I a younger son, he should be a godlike King. I would instil into his mind my firm and lofty sentiments.

Clad. And Clotbert?

Grc. Clotbert—then can Clodomir ask such a question? Clodomir should be the first to answer it, were the case at hand.

Clad. I only wished to see whether you had arrived as far in state-policy that even your own son—

Grc. Peace! Go and instruct the seethamer.

Clad. Another word. You know my attachment to you, Grimbald. I have just had a dispute with Clodomir respecting this seethamer, in the course of

which he called me the cowardly slave of an infamous usurper.

Geri. Ha! That was aimed at me, and I will aim a dandy blow at him in return. Cursed be the love of the people—cursed be his hypocritical and calm demagogues, which counteracts all my attempts to destroy him. But the vengeance of Grimbald awaits him—he shall not escape it.

Clad. Shall I do what you desired?

Geri. Yes.—*(Exit Clad.)*—He shall not escape it, if even he himself protect him. Not the friend or relation of Dagobert will I spare. The sight of any one of them is torture to me. How cheerful and delighted was I, when this morning dawned—yet now my mind is again oppressed. But why? What do I fear?—Damnation! I'll find repose even if I purchase it with pounds of blood. *[Exit.]*

Scene, the Queen's Apartments. Enter Dagobert conducted by Clotowin.

Dag. Are these the Queen's apartments?

Clad. They are. The King is with her.

Dag. Ha! Childibert with her?

Clad. How can that concern thee? Now hear what is so necessary thou shouldst know. Thou hast, without doubt, been told that Childibert is about to marry Adalgunda.

Dag. Happy may they be! They are worthy of each other.

Clad. Adalgunda is, nevertheless, sad, and incessantly laments the loss of her husband. For ten years have we urged every real and specious argument in favour of this union, but in vain. Yesterday we at length prevailed upon her to alter her resolution, though it is evident she does it more from despair than inclination. Those who tell her

that this alliance is decreed by Heaven—that the welfare of the state requires it, and so forth. Thou knowest the influence which the declaration of a soothsayer has upon the mind of women. Shouldst thou pretend as far as to allay her scruples and remove her sorrow, thou wilt have cause to recollect a monarch's gratitude throughout thy life.

Dag. It will not be difficult to dry her tears.

Clot. Think'st thou her sorrow is dried?

Dag. Were it real, the name would have consented to become the wife of Childbert.

Clot. So thought I. Where is the woman, who after a lapse of ten years, needs consolation for the loss of her husband?

Dag. True.

Clot. And such a handsome monarch as Childbert, might console many a one before the death of her husband.

Dag. Ha! Ha! You are wise, I perceive.

Clot. And she had been married to Dagobert seven years when he died.

Dag. Dead!

Clot.—*(Starts.)*—How! What mean'st thou?

Dag.—*(Shakes.)*—I shall marry myself.

Clot. Is he, then, not dead?

Dag. Assuredly he is. Pardon me. I am always alarmed when I hear of death. I was many years absent from my native home. I was thought to be dead. My paternal inheritance was seized by others, and on my return, several people thought not a speck, and died through alarm.

Clot. Now, there is something so dreadful in thy look—

Dag. You smelt a poor pilgrim.

Clot. Thou art not a common soothsayer. Canst thou predict my future destiny?

Dag. The book of fate is open to me. Of thee nothing is written but "He was the confidential

adviser of Grimbold, and therefore the shewer of his deeds."

Clot.—(Aside.)—He almost stifles me. Cannot thou not interpret this?

Dag. No. It is the will of the Almighty that Dagobert shall do the rest. Were I to interpret the words of fate, I must write them with thy heart's blood.

Clot.—(Aside.)—This man must be disposed of. Hear me.—The Queen will soon be here. Come with me, and station thyself at the door, till I send Bruno, who will introduce thee to her. Thou hast not forgotten my instructions?

Dag. Forgetfulness is not one of my faults. I will do every thing in my power.

Clot. Come, then. (Exeunt.)

Enter ADALGONDA and ANA.

Adel. Alas, my poor girl, the misfortunes of your mother destroy the pleasures which life would otherwise afford you. But try to be more cheerful. Look calmly into adversity, for you are free from any hard lot. Fate does not unite you to a man whom you abhor. Willingly my Ada, would I have concealed my sorrows in my own bosom, but the time is arrived when I must disclose them to you. While dear noble father Dagobert was living, Grimbold already fixed his hopes upon the crown. My husband was young, and was too easily misled by Grimbold, whose counsel often turned rebellion. I did not know your father's guardian angel. Often did he bewail the treacherous conduct of the ministers, but in vain. The villain had too firmly ingrafted himself, and when old Clot's fell in battle, he walked with satisfaction, for he knew Grimbold had now no opponent.—Dagobert no friend. All who were honest

were dismissed from court, and fawning sycophants supplied their places. When you were about six years of age, Dagobert permitted me to take you with me on a visit to my father. Scarcely had we passed one day with him, ere a messenger announced to me my husband's death. We instantly returned, and found Childbert on the throne. Oh, my Ada, a dreadful suspicion took root in my soul. Every night my sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams, and the pale form of Dagobert appeared to me, claiming revenge on Grimbold and Childbert.

Ada. Revenge?

Adel. Oh, Ada, you are not yet acquainted with the villainy of which mankind is capable. Young Clovis was the last male branch of Dagobert's race. His claim to the crown was indisputable, yet Childbert still wore it. Clovis is hated and persecuted, and nothing but the love of a whole nation preserves his life. And now Ada, the usurper entreats me, that I may protect him from your father's friends—from justice—from myself.

Adel. Will you bestow your hand for such a purpose?

Adel. My hand is all he requires—he shall have it, and then—then you are too young to comprehend the lofty project. Ada, there will I behold upon the throne, with Clovis at my side. The duty which I owe to the nation and to the blood of Dagobert, compels me to take this step.—Clovis is a man of magnanimity and honour. He is worthy of my daughter and the crown.

Ada. Oh, my mother! you shall not sacrifice your happiness to promote mine.

Adel. Shall Grimbold's house rule over Franks? Shall Dagobert's descendants obey? Who comes there!

Enter BRUNO.

Bru. A man of most singular appearance requests an audience of your Majesty.

Adel. What does he want?

Bru. I found him at the door, and as far as I could judge, he was in conversation with himself; even as he copied me, he repeatedly I would introduce him to your Majesty.

Adel. Conduct him hither.

Adl. I dare say it is the stranger, who came to the palace a few hours since. He is a soothsayer.

Adel. We will hear what he has to say.

Bruno introduces DAGOBERT, who enters slowly and with his face half-concealed.

Dag. Heaven bless you, gracious Queen—and you, fair Princess!

Adl. How dreadful is the sound of his voice! Let him not proceed, dear mother.

Adel. Of what are you afraid? Be at ease. You see a soothsayer, I understand!

Dag. I am.—(*Aside.*)—The sight of her almost overpowers me.—(*Aloud.*)—My art has been acknowledged in many lands.

Adel. Do you know my future destiny?

Dag. Most perfectly. Let this light withdraw.—(*Adel. gives a hint to Bru. who glances.*)—Shall I proceed?

Adel. Do so.

Dag. 'Tis well. Then hear me.—Lovely are all the horrors of nature—lovely is the penitence which tears the hopeful youth from the arms, of his old helpless father—lovely is death, when it overtakes the suckling on the cold bosom of its dead mother—lovely is the tempest which rages through the

ocean and swallows thousands—lovely are all the horrors of nature when compared to the heart of a woman, who has forsaken the path of virtue, and recedes to a sinful passion.

Adel. Oh! dearest mother, counsel him to be silent.

Adel. His rising concerns not us.—I desired you would disclose to me my destiny. Do so if you can, and speak mildly.

Dag. Require you mild and gentle terms of me? No, wife of Dagobert, my words shall be thunder-bolts to thy soul. Thou didst once wear the semblance of innocence,—then thy lips preceded the words of virtue—then wert to thy Dagobert every thing—he every thing to thee. Thou didst vow to him eternal fidelity and love—and now art about to disgrace his memory by giving thy hand to an usurper—in the usurper who robbed thee of thy husband.

Adel. Hold! Robbed me of my husband!

Dag.—(aside).—Oh, I can restrain no longer.—
(Aloud).—Robbed thee of me, Adelgunda.

Adel. You!

Dag. Woman, this dagger can wound none but the guilty. If Adelgunda be innocent, let her approach.

Adel.—(Approaches him).—I am innocent.

Dag.—(Throws his hat away and opens his mouth).
—Adelgunda!

Adel. Gracious Heaven! Oh? beloved shade, take me to thee.

Dag. Dost thou still love me?

Adel. Ever ever! For ever!—(Sticks dagger into his arms.)

CLAUDEINE rushes in.

Clad. Wretch, I have heard all.

Dep. Then hast thou heard too much.—/ *Stab.*
Ann. 2—Report to tell who I am.

(Ind. Help) 10h¹—(Birds a few steps, falls and expires. A flycatcher lands on the arm of Aiky, who continues her to a perch, and lingers her with others.)

The [redacted] Justice Judge of all undertakings, thus imposed there being business was from every materialness institution. The first off set principle, of one work, and other chief, have sought me, to be [redacted] of the [redacted] of the [redacted] of the [redacted]

Author's address: Department of Mathematics,
University of Illinois at Chicago, Chicago, IL 60607,
USA.
E-mail: mahdian@uic.edu

Address: _____ P.O. Box _____

Dep. 1 per 1
aid. 1 per 1

Address: _____
 Phone: _____

[illegible]

Ad. How beautiful! How beautiful! Where are

Let them battle! let them battle! Where am I? Why does this whole picture go with that threatening look? He gives his dagger against the

John, We had, my mother, when?

And a dreadful dream approach me. I saw
the father—he wanted to murder me.

John. Murder your father, dear mother. He was
kind towards you.

John: Yeah! Did you see him too?

Ado. Surely I did. I saw him on his knees,
swearing to Heaven—

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Ada. You, and he then pressed me close to his beating heart, and gave me a kiss for you.

Adel. And left me without saying farewell—me—
—his Adalgunda!

Ada. He kissed you, and wept over you, as you lay senseless on the couch. But see, mother! There lies Clodomir, whom he killed.

Adel. Heaven! Who killed him?

Ada. The man—my father.

Adel. I was not deceived then? He lives—my Dagobert still lives. Protect him, guardian angels! But will he not, must he not, fall a victim to the great.—(Eggar Grimbald.)—Oh, God!

Enter GRIMBALD and BRUNO.

Gr. You start at my approach, Queen: what a weight of sorrow hangs upon your brow! Why that waste, in sighs and lamentations the best part of your life? Is there on earth any thing which has been denied you? Is not every one eager to anticipate your wishes?

Br.—(Eyeing Clodomir.)—What do I see? Clodomir murdered!

Gr. Murdered! Clodomir! My friend! Who has been here? Haste, Bruno, try to discover the author of this bloody deed, and bring him hither instantly.—(Exit Bruno.)—Queen, this disordered look—pardon me, if my just indignation leads me too far—but on your glossy brow I read—tell me, who murdered Clodomir?—You must know.

Adel. 'Twas I.

Gr. You! Know you the consequence? Who gave you power over his life! But how can I for a moment think the gentle Adalgunda capable of such a deed! Queen, I once more beseech you to confess who is the murderer.

Adel. He fell by the hand of his judge—who is thy judge also. *[Exeunt Adol. and Adm.]*

Gre.—*[Looking after her with an astonished air.]*—How can I solve those mysterious words? She was the murderer? "Tis well. If it be true, she shall pay dearly for the loss which I sustain.—*[Turns to Chlodwig.]*—Pardon me! Thou hast named thyself to me, famous by a chain of crimes, and now—I did not wish to part with thee so soon, for thou wert certainly an useful slave. First should thy hand have dispatched Clovis, then mine had sent thee after him. But another instrument of vengeance may be found. Guards! Bear that body away.

Enter Brunst.

Bra. The murderer of Chlodwig is in your power.

Gre. You are mistaken. Adalgaund herself inflicted the deadly blow.

Bra. She? Impossible! I have secured the assassin, and he will soon be here.

Gre. Who is he?

Bra. The smithy-er, whom Chlodwig himself brought to the palace. I introduced him to the Queen in this room by Chlodwig's desire, and no one else had entered it. I found him with Clovis.

Gre. With Clovis!

Bra. Yes. I took some of the guards with me, who secured him. As soon as I accused him of the murder, he and Clovis turned pale, and both, forgetting themselves, exclaimed: "We are lost." Clovis then attempted to deny the fact, but I declared that the Queen had accused the smithy-er.

Gre. 'Tis well. Did you secure Clovis also?

Bra. My orders did not extend so far.

Gre. Is this the effect of my reliance on you? Was not treachery manifest? Is it not evident that the smithy-er is an assassin hired by Clovis—and

that his dagger was directed against me—against the King! Bruno, as you value your life let Clivia be secured.

Mrs. I hasten—

*Gri. Hold! I have my reasons—you must bring Clivia hither by the most private way. Now go.—**(Exit Bruno.)*—It is evident that he intended the blow for me, and that this viper the Queen was privity to the plot. Thanks be to hell, for inspiring her with such an idea. Clodenis, thy death is of more service to me than was thy whole life. She shall not escape the lot my policy has fixed for her. To my son will I write her—then may she weep till her sighs choke her. And thou, Clivia! We will see whether thou can'st escape me!

Enter Dagonert, Grinfield, and Villiers.

Gri. Hail!

Dag. I

villain.

Gri. Villain!

Dag. Villain! I am not a villain. I am a man of my reward.

Gri. Who art thou, wretch!

Dag. Who am I? Oh, wert thou free as angels from ever, other crime, my name would be thy condemnation.

*Gri.—**(Aside.)*—This voice thills through my voice. Dost my coward heart deceive me! By Heaven, I'll dive into the mystery.—*(Approaches Dagonert.)*—Thou miserable hireling, who—*(Starts back unable to proceed.)*—Hail! Away with him! Confine him in the deepest dungeon. All your lives are answerable for his safety.

Dag. Once more, Grinfield, I assure thee that punishment sooner or later overtakes every villain.

[Exit guarded.]

Gr. Then it shall soon overtake, by that hell
which sent thee. (*Flowers demurely upon the earth.*)

—How could I be thus, shorn? That savage,
which, musing round the apple, tree, or birch,
gave me the first of his kind, and I, the lordly

—*How could I be thus, shorn?*
—*How could I be thus, shorn?*

—*How could I be thus, shorn?*
—*How could I be thus, shorn?*

—*How could I be thus, shorn?*
—*How could I be thus, shorn?*

Enter the King, and the Duke of Dagonheit.

Bro. I have been thinking of something to
tell you.

Gr. King, I have never expected to
find in you that love of peace which is the
patrie of reason and reasoners. But you are
the hand of God protects the King.

Gr. I wish not to converse with thee. I detest thee.

Gr. The consciousness of thy infamy brands thy
tongue.

Oh, Peace, villain! thy very looks declare thy
intent.

—*How could I be thus, shorn?*
—*How could I be thus, shorn?*

—*How could I be thus, shorn?*
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—*How could I be thus, shorn?*

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the castle. Soon, you shall receive further orders from me.

Brn. Follow me.

[Escort Bruno, Clavia, and guards.]

Gen. Now, Fortune, aid me in the execution of the work, which, by thy assistance, I have so happily begun.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. Before the Castle. Enter Clavian, conducted by an Officer.

Clav. I have just received from the

Gen. I have just received from the old man. Every
gentle effort of the old man is wisely employed.
He is well. I will return.

Sol. Heaven bless you, noble knight! But see, the Queen approaches. [Exit.]

Enter ANNELORE.

Anel. It is so long since I beheld you, Genar, that I scarcely recollect you. My eye is quite unused to the sight of worthy men. Welcome.—(Presses her hand to Gen.)—You live comfortably, I hope.

Gen. I live ever ready to sacrifice my existence for your welfare.

Anel. I thank you, faithful Genar. You are not in your proper sphere. A camp was always more

agreeable to your feelings than a court. You live retired, no doubt!

GISS. I do, precious Queen—retired, unregarded, —by many despised. Yet—(with energy)—could it not be a disgrace to my honour and sentiments if I lived otherwise in these times?

ALF. You are the man I expected Gaurie would remain. The times have not altered you.

GISS. In truth, as little as I have altered the times. When I have resolved on a particular journey, I do not turn and shudder my purpose, but see the cold north wind blow in my face.—But may I request to know without delay why you have said so to me?

ALF. —(Impetuously)—Does any thing of import-

ance to me, as a subject, depend on the

conduct of the

king?

ALF. —(With energy)—No, sir, not in the least.

GISS. —(With energy)—Then, sir, I am at liberty to go on my journey.

ALF. —(With energy)—No, sir, not in the least.

GISS. —(With energy)—Then, sir, I am at liberty to go on my journey.

ALF. —(With energy)—No, sir, not in the least.

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ALF. —(With energy)—No, sir, not in the least.

GISS. —(With energy)—Then, sir, I am at liberty to go on my journey.

ALF. —(With energy)—No, sir, not in the least.

Adel. No, Gensar! You do not know all. I too saw him. Chlodwig surprised him in my arms, and he slew the villain that he might not be betrayed.

Gens. You saw him!

Adel. Oh, Gensar, I cannot describe to you how his look pierced to my soul. Joy and fear smothered my heart so violently that my senses fled.

Gens. But what will be the end of those preparations for the nuptial feast?

Adel.—[*Gives him a parchment.*]—Read that.—[*Gensar reads.*]—Oh God, thou dost inspire my soul with the thought: grant me strength to execute it, when the destined hour arrives.—[*Gensar has perused the parchment, and gazes at her with astonishment and admiration.*]—On what are you meditating?

Gens. Great woman! Heaven will not allow the guilty to triumph, but—[*Pointing to the parchment.*]—your life is in imminent danger.

Adel. Oh, let me tell if I be wiled.

Gens. Yes I be wiled to save a man, if, in order to guard him against poison, I plunge a poniard in his heart! No, Gensar, I cannot allow this.

Adel. Where will you find assistance?

Gens.—[*Shrugging her sword.*]—Here. There are many, who will be ready to support our cause. Before the nobles of the land will I describe your virtues and exalted misfortune. I will speak to them as becomes this man, who is speaking for his King and native land.

Adel. Oh, may Heaven add strength to your words!

Gens. Doubt it not. But one thing more would I know ere I leave the palace.

Adel. What is it?

Gens. I must speak to my Monarch and to Chlodwig. Know you who guards the dungeon?

Adel. Alas, Gomer! I too have, for an hour, been denying mine of passing admittance to the dungeon. How if I were, in person, to request of Childolf that an interview with Chlois. If I beg, this is his first favour to his bride, he will not deny it, especially as he has no suspicion but that my husband is a stranger—and a warrior. I know that Bruno was commended by Grimbold to conduct the two prisoners towards evening into our dungeon.

Gom. Into our dungeon. There, then, it is intended to execute them.

Adel. Oh, Gomer!

Gom. Believe me, Grimbold has recognised him.

Adel. No, dear Gomer, he cannot have recognised him, or he would not behave towards me.

Gom. Be that as it may, we must attempt his rescue immediately.

Adel. Hark! I thought I heard some one. Heaven! how much more had I to say! But I must withdraw. My friend, bear in mind the date of your unfortunate Monarch. He the proctor of virtue, and saviour your friends—oh, could my tears accompany your words—(Gomer, tell them that I thus expire: then exit.)—(Weeping.)—Let me—let me—speak Gomer! Behold a weeping wife—oh, save, save my husband, and to thee will I eternally acknowledge am obligations for happiness and life.

Gom.—(Weeping her.)—Yes, yes, you have filled my soul with anguish. Compose yourself! My soul for your relief, and the welfare of my King—cannot be inflamed. Am I not bound to exert every nerve by all that is most sacred to me!

Adel. Farewell, then, worthy man. May thy words be as irresistible, and thy deeds as successful as thy enterprise is great and noble. Farewell.

[Exit.

Gom. Heaven be thanked for having sent us this angel in our distress!—(He pursues the parchment.)—

Ala! What must a man do in such a case.—(Hears footsteps, and hastily conceals the parchment.)

Enter Bruno.

Bru. Ha! You really here, Gomer?

Gom. Yes, Bruno.

Bru. I thought I saw you in the court of the palace, and the sight was so extraordinary that I resolved to see whether it was true or not. I was looking for you——

Gom. And have found me here. Why, truly, Bruno, I myself scarcely know how I found my way hither. I believe ten years have elapsed since I was under this roof.

Bru. And for what reason are you come to-day. May I know it?

Gom. No.

Bru. Why?

Gom. Because you are a counsellor.

Bru. Gomer, I know what this word implies, when you use it. I feel the reproach—but it is well that I have an opportunity of conversing with you. Why do you always treat me with mortifying contempt? I have often called at your house, but you had always instructed your servants not to admit me. This had hurt me. Why did you act thus towards me?

Gom. I was afraid that you might not agree with me as to the proper title of your King, in which case I should have not fire to my own house, which as much belongs to me as this palace—does not belong to your King.

Bru. I do not comprehend a word of this!

Gom. So much the better, for I said it a day too soon. But why say more! Farewell.

Bru. Gomer, you shall not leave me with hatred or contempt. Hear me; do you think I am a coun-

but by choice! That am I not. You know that I was educated by your father. He adopted me as his child, and was to me more than a father.—*(Music affixed.)*—Many a tear do I shed when I meetest his landladies. My happiness and hopes were buried with him. Forsaken and without help, necessity craves to come into the service of the great.

Gise. Forsaken and without help!

Bras. What resource was open to me?

Gise. Resource!—Bras, what was my father's name?

Bras. Gomar.

Gise. And what is mine?

Bras.—*(Starts.)*—Oh, I understood you. Gomar, your name, how shall I thank you? Behold me as your son.—*Kaeth.*

Gise. Sharing in that warrior's struggle? Do-grade not human nature. Why did you form so wrong an opinion of me as to fancy that I inherited nothing from my father but his name and property? Why did you leave my house? Was it not your home? Did I not call you my brother?

Bras.—*(Rushes into his arms.)*—Thank Heaven, my heart was never bent against the bosom of a worthy man. I myself now feel better than I was. Farewell, splendid palace, thou grave of liberty, thou cradle of vice. Oh, Gise, I beseech you, lead me away.

Gise. No, Bras. You must remain here.

Bras. Remain!

Gise. The duty of a worthy man is to serve his native land and justice. Will you do this?

Bras. How humiliating is the question!

Gise. Stay where you are, then—and now tell me where Clovis and the stranger who killed Clodomir are?

Bras. Both in prison.

Gise. Can you conduct me to them?

Bro. Gomer!

Gen. Can you do this, I say?

Bro. Dare I if I can?

Gen. How!

Bro. I have sworn to be faithful and silent.—
Should I be worthy of your friendship, if I—

Gen. To whom did you swear fidelity?—To an infamous traitor.—Yes, Bruno—why shall I check the sentiments of my overflowing heart? Why, like a slave, close my lips, and confine my tumultuous thoughts within this prison? I tell thee, Bruno, thou hast combined with vice to oppress every thing great and noble under the sun. Thy oath is a crime. Among honest men oaths are unnecessary, and he who is not bound by an inviolable sensation of duty, will never be bound by a word. The villain, who required an oath of thee, thought thee a villain like himself, and if thou didst re-act, thou—
I am ashamed of finishing the sentence.

Bro. Did you come hither to revile me?

Gen. That I may not touch you, I will go.

Bro. Gomer—your virtues are surety, that you require nothing of me which is wrong—I will conduct you to the prisoners.

Gen. When?

Bro. In two hours I shall bring them both into our dungeon.

Gen. I cannot come so soon. I do not know how long business may detain me with some friends.

Bro. You will find me ready at any time.

Gen. Enough! Farewell. I hear some one.

[Exit.]

Bro. How the warmth of grateful friendship has led me too far. Henry (long so-day appears to me dark and mysterious, as if some great event were about to happen. But what Gomer undertakes I cannot—

Editorial Comment

Fact: You probably have had one of

Figure 1. The effect of the number of trials on the number of correct responses. The number of correct responses was significantly higher for the 10-trial condition than for the 5-trial condition.

Gr. Then it was a shadow which fled from the sun.

1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**
 6. **References**

Gen. Grouse! What brought him hither? What said he?

Yes. He will be as I ordered.

Gr. I am sorry I did not meet him. He is a
worthy man.

Buy. You're invited.

Q. And he got caught up in Chapter 3?

Dr. T. E. N. N. N.

Gov. The King comes.—(In.—[Exit Dqs.])—Oh, that I could shake the weight of twenty years from me! Nations should then wear a very different countenance.

Enter CHILDREN

Have you signed the contract?

Ch. 1, however. There are not more than 2000 people that I should be able to reach in 1 year. I would not.

are a team
prove this
to make
them, the
because

Clé. Tell me—am I a mere shadow, even being?
 Are you the king, and do I bear the empty name?
 Judge then—decide—murder—on your sword rest their
 sentence, not on mine. Is Cléon not a Frank?
 The witnesses of every Frank—

Carl, instruct me at another time, says legislator

—at present, answer me—shall Clovis die with the assassin?

Clv. Punish the latter as he deserves—but Clovis is a Frank. He must be heard, and if he be guilty, he shall also suffer.—

Ger. Guilty! He is guilty of high treason.* Witnesses are ready to prove it. Of course, therefore, he has no further privilege as a Frank.

Clv. Oh, I know you, my father, do not discuss the past in the presence of the present.

Ger. It is not your place to be her determinant.

Clv. No.

Ger.

then, my father, I have no objection to her marriage.

Clv. I

refuse.—

Ger. I do not, my father, but I opposed her engagements, and shared my naturally just—but her lies—on the foundation of her conduct was erected. She misled by opposition to and now the value of the sacrifice. In married pride or whatever is the strongest passion of which a woman is susceptible, Adalginda has been a Queen, and she will do anything rather than cease to be a Queen. Yet if it be true that you have an utter aversion to this alliance, why, then—

Clv. What then, my father?

Ger. If I have thought your union with Adalgund absolutely necessary, it was because I wished your throne and life protected from the power of Clovis. In the scale of our fortune nothing was wanting—but the destruction of that man.

Clv. Who, nevertheless, is not a villain, if I know him.

This was the only crime for which a Frank could be arrested. Hence the scruples of Charibert.

Gré. You know him! how is that possible, when you do not know yourself. Your eye is dimmed by prejudice, and is misled by the varnish, which most men draw over their characters. Age and experience will teach you the truth of my doctrine. The heart of man is the abyss of vice. Virtue is but the mask which covers it. You will, therefore, never be happy and secure but by possessing power—you will never be powerful but by knowing the weaknesses of mankind. Learn the art of dissimulation. It serves to conceal your own defects, and pry into those of others. Never appear what you are—you will thereby pay measure for measure. Feel that you are a King, and act as lord over all. Endeavour to bend the nations beneath your sceptre—they, in return, will teach the lower ranks submission, and in this process learn; for, of course, you must feel that you never can be greater than when every one else is far beneath you. In short, that I may return to our former subject—when Cléris is no more, you may share a partner of your throne. I repeat that his blood was wanting in the scale of your fortunes, and justice offers it.

Clé. Has he really deserved death?

Gré. Dost thou think thy father—?

Clé. You are the judge—consider then—you are the judge.

Gré. Enough! I shall bring the sentence to your private room for signature. [Exit.]

Clé. I'll follow you—Oh, how do I shudder at the anger to shed the blood of unfortunate fellow-creatures! Even now I tremble at the thought of signing the sentence.—Wretched, wretched is he who is obliged to condemn, while he himself has reason to dread the condemnation of an All-knowing Judge. [Going.]

Enter BRAN.

Br.—My daughter!

Ada.—What is it now, Bran?

Br.—You are not alone, when I come to correct

with you.

Ada.—You are not alone, when I return im-

mediately.

Ada.—You are not alone, when she

enters.

Br.—You are not alone, when I thought as

of you.

Ada.—You are not alone, when I

think of you.

Br.—You are not alone, when I come to

correct you.

Ada.—You are not alone, when I come to

correct you.

Enter ADA.

Ada.—(Trembling.)—Where is he?

Br.—He will return in a few minutes. He did not expect you so immediately.

Ada.—I thank you, Bran. Let me await his return, alone.—(Exit Br.)—Oh, God, who didst inspire me with these feelings, lend me thy aid. I will wrench the dagger from my mother's hand that vengeance may not overtake her.—Can such a act be wrong.—No. A voice within me declares it otherwise. Oh, Childsheart, I feel that I could hazard far more. Much as this step costs me, I could to save thee—yet wretch that I am!—I may not declare what I feel.—I may not hope.

Enter CHILDHEART.

Chi.—Ada, already here! Is it in my power to serve you? Speak! Command.

Ada.—(*Confused, and for some time is vain attempting to speak.*)—Oh, Heaven!—(*Seals herself and hides her face.*)

Chi. What means this?—I own that I have ever thought your looks dejected, but never was the sorrow of your heart so evident as now. Tell me, I beseech you, the cause of your distress.—You are silent. Oh, recall the picture of our childhood, when friendship bound us to each other, when hand in hand we passed whole days in careless pleasures. Had Ada then a thought which was not known by Childbert—and now companion, reserved towards him?—Unhappy change!

Ada. Alas!—(Childbert became a King—and I—I was doomed to weep—

Chi. And to hate me.

Ada.—(*Starts.*)—Hate you, Childbert!—Oh, pardon me—I was dreaming of our earlier years.

Chi.—(*Knocking and with fervour.*)—Drive on, drive on, lovely Ada. Oh, am I the Childbert, whom formerly—

Ada. What mean you—King? Release me—let me go to my mother.

Chi. Pardon me. I forgot myself—forgot the curse of Heaven which rests upon me, and makes me in Ada's eyes detestable.—But Heaven told me that you wished to see me!

Ada.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, that I dared speak of my father!—(*Aloud.*)—My mother requests you will permit her to have a conversation with Clara in his prison.

Chi.—(*Starts, and is thoughtful for a few moments.*)—The Queen's wishes are my law. I will instruct an unknown but faithful man to be her guide.—(*Aside.*)—And that man shall be myself.

Ada. Will you allow me to accompany her?

Chi.—(*Unsurprised.*)—If—(*Aside.*)—What means

this? Ada wishes to see Clara.—Happy man—happy even at the brink of the grave?

Ada. Oh, Harren! What say you?

Chi. I was—no—fear not, for—why are you thus alarmed?

Ada. Childheart, if I might ask another favour—

Chi. What?—Ask any thing—every thing—what I would most willingly grant in—my life.—Oh, speak!

Ada. Do not—do not solemnize your marriage with my mother—at least do not to-day—I conjure you by the joys and friendship of our earlier years—I entreat, dare not say more. *[Exit hastily.]*

Chi. Never, never, never!—Oh that I were but allowed to see through the gloom which on every side surrounds me! Can an unrequited affection have crept into her bosom? Oh why—*Lagrez has heard of his heart.*—Why do I flatter this poor soul with hopes? Would not Adigrauld's long since extinguished every spark of affection for me which she might cherish in her bosom? I'll speak to her—my heart shall speak to her, and soon I am her heart cannot be silent. What anguish had I spared, what happiness had been my lot, if—Oh, look, look that I was, to be dashed by the arts and boundless ambition of my father!—I am now a victim incapable of killing my enemy but by plunging me in a abyss of misery.—Yes. Oh! when I thought that he who raised himself by artifice and villainy must support himself by the same dangerous means, or sink lower than the rank from which he rose.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene, a subterraneous Dungeon. DAGOBERT is stretched on the Earth, and casts his Throat upon a Stone.

Dag. In vain!—(*Rises*).—The regal dreams which incessantly torment me, make me the most wretched of mankind. They banish every ray of consolation from my mind. To fall from a throne to a prison is bad—faster than from a throne to the grave.—Happy is he, who has never been created by Fate, for the greatest of all misfortunes is the recollection of former prosperity.—(*The door opens*).—Welcome, whoever thou art. Doubtless thou art the messenger of death.

Enter Clovis, conducted by Barba.

Whom do I see? Clovis!

Clo. At your Majesty's feet.

Dag.—(*Awake*).—Inconsiderate man!

Bar. Majesty!

Dag. You see his senses are disordered.

Clo. That are they not. Few shall not urge me to deny my sovereign.—(*Takes Dagobert's hand*).—Now, if thou hast entirely sold thyself to the usurper, I will with a single word speak dissolution to thy soul. Behold before thee **WASTONAN**, King of the Franks.

Bar. Darned be the man, who would not die for him.—But on this my shoulder rested the liver which held his senses. I will remember it was borne to the grave by eight knights. Every one

Enter an OTTOMAN.

Off. I give you both notice to prepare for death in half an hour. From respect towards you, Cloris, the execution will take place in this dungeon. This is the King's command. [*Exit.*]

Dag. Cloris—you tremble.

Cl. With fury. The King's command! At the nod of a traitor falls Dagobert, King of the Franks.—Oh, that my tongue could describe what is passing in my breast! Heaven, earth, and even hell would tremble at my words.

Dag. Why so violent?

Cl. Did you not hear it is the King's command—King Childobert's command—that you shall die?

Dag. I did, I did—but no more of that, Cloris. Nature herself has made us dread the sight of death. How, therefore, can we help it? I own, when our execution was just now announced, a tremor crept through my frame. Even a valiant man is shuddered when an unarm'd fiend strikes him on the shoulder from behind. He turns and endures him. Thus it was with me. Death is my friend.

Cl. But the King commands your death.—Who are you?—Who commands?—Who am I—who dares command?

Dag. Cloris, disturb not me with reflections like these. The few remaining moments of my life are of consequence to my soul. I stand on the brink of eternity—but a few steps from the presence of the All-Just.—Oh, my soul, transport thyself thither—(*Kneels, and reclines his head upon the stone.*)

Cl. Oh, providence, how wonderful and inscrutable to the mind of man are the ways in which thou leadest us to our great last destiny.—Villany triumphs in the fall of the good.

Dag.—(*Looks towards Heaven and seems much agitated.*)—Oh, God!

the opening charms and growing virtues of my Ada.
For thee, Cloris, for thee I declined her.

Clu. For me? Oh, impossible delight! I
worthy of Ada! Dost thou cannot not rob me of
this blissful thought.

*Enter ADALBERT and ANA, conducted by CHIL-
PERICOT, disguised as a Cottol, who remains
unobserved at the door.*

Dag. Ha! See, see! They come to glory in our
fall. Oh, monstrous creatures!

Clu. Hush! What means this?

Adel. —*(Runs hastily with Ada towards Dagobert.)*
Unbelov'd husband! He avows us. In contempt
the reward of my affection? Is the wife, who has so
long rewarded your absence, spurn'd from you?
Oh, impossible! —*(Following her.)*—My husband,
my husband! Turn, turn, and come into my arms,
that I may press you to my heart.

Dag. Woe'st thou, I wish not to know thee. Thou
art sent by hell. Hush! Leave my soul at peace.
Friend, what a dreadful hour! Help me to bear this
trial—*(Pushes her to the door and takes Cloris's hand.)*

Adel. Can I believe the testimony of my ears?
My husband, Adalbert, speaks to you.

Dag. —*(With started look, and looking at Cloris.)*
—Yes. Such was the name of the viper, which
once twined its folds around my heart. Oh, she
scented the weakness of fidelity and virtue—deceived
me for whole years with secret affection, and im-
posed upon me by specious tenderness, while watch-
ers inhibited her flight. She has now gained her end.
To the husband whom she has betrayed and sold,
disimulation is no longer necessary.

Adel. Enough! I now will speak.

Dag. Be silent, and begone. Pollute not my last
breath. Perilous wretch, thou hast sold me to

awaits me is a reward; for I know that I bear to the grave the favour of my sovereign.

Dag.—(*I looks at him with a smile—after a pause.*)
Oh, Dagobert, even thou, graciously look down upon ~~me~~—*Adel*, give me your hand, and if your father be no longer ~~your~~ ^{your} as you have declared, swear to me by my blood, which will soon flow upon the place where you now stand, swear to me by your soul, and all your hopes of salvation, that you will fulfill my last wish.

Adel. Every thing, my father, my thing.

Dag. Swear, then.

Adel. I do swear. Alas, my poor mother!

Dag. Will you not listen to me?

Adel. I obey.

Dag. 'Tis well. Hear, then, my father's last wish. I have lived to see that there is not a Frank deserving of my daughter's hand, except one upright faithful man. That only man is Charles. Give him your hand, and in the presence of the Allseeing Judge, vow to be faithful as long for ever—vow never to become the wife of another, but to pass your days in holy retirement.

Adel. My father!

Dag. He! These dust withdraw thy trembling hand from mine.

Adel. Oh, my mother! my mother!

Dag. Adel, thy father is here.

Adel.—(*Falls at his feet.*)—[*Pardon—be not in error!*—*I obey.*]

Charles.—[*He has hitherto stood unseen at the entrance of the prison, and by his men has betrayed the various motions suggested by the silent construction, approach.*—*Held.*]

Dag. Who spoke that word?

Adel. Oh, we are betrayed.

Adel.—[*Swelling into her mother's arms.*—*Hear you! That voice—*

Dag. Who art thou? Approach. If that monster, thy King, sent thee hither to listen, I will discover more to thee—I will discover what thy slavish tongue will not dare to repeat.

Chi.—(*Takes off his helmet.*)—The King!

Chi. He himself!

Adel. He has stepped upon us.

Adel. Oh, my mother, look on me.

Dag. Clavis, you see they have conspired with him to mock our power.

Chi. Trust me, I have seen no such thing. I have the look of a man who has been deceived.

Chi.—(*To Dag.*)—I have seen no such thing. I have the look of a man who has been deceived.

Chi.—(*To Adel.*)—I have seen no such thing. I have the look of a man who has been deceived.

Chi.—(*To Adel.*)—I have seen no such thing. I have the look of a man who has been deceived.

Adel. With a look of a man who has been deceived.

Adel. With a look of a man who has been deceived.

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Adel. With a look of a man who has been deceived.

Adel. With a look of a man who has been deceived.

Dag. Friend, if these words proceeded from her heart,—

Enter GRIMBALT and SOLDIERS.

Gri.—(*Astonished at seeing the Queen.*)—Who has dared to enter this prison? Queen, who brought you hither?

Chi.—(*Comes forward.*)—I myself. Father, look there, and be astonished. The man, whom you mistook for an assassin is Dagobert.

Gri. Thou here too? Thou among those, who

Adel. Oh, rather murder me.

Adel. Hushen!

Off. Let no one dare to proceed. Back, soldiers.

Adel. Villain, whom dost thou wish to murder?
Can revenge be wanting to fulfil the measure of thy
crimes? No. Thou hast already committed more
than can be atoned for by an eternity of punishment.
And you, soldiers, who are you? Are you Friends?
Can Friends sell the necks to a tyrant? Would
you murder your lawful sovereign—Humbert, whom
you love? Aching and
bleeding close to you?
Did he You of your
right? will betray
you thus? my children
would die never find a
Friend by the monarch.
—(The soldiers throw their arms away.)

Off.—*Indignantly.* Humbert's women's whining
harshly stuns their coward hearts. Adalgunda, I
beg you will leave this place.

Adel. Sooner will I lose my life, and renounce
my hatred against thee, traitor.

Off. By all the powers of hell, this is too much.
You have entered into a confederacy with the im-
poster, and your crime needs no other
defense. I command you
Soldiers, Ye cowardly

—if you do not wish to be
in this plot, drag her
take three minutes, and then
oblige me to our force.
time from the respect I feel towards you as the
widow of my beloved friend and monarch, Go to
the palace.

Adel. That thou may'st commit murder un-
interrupted.

Off. Be at ease on that account. An impostor
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like this, who has attempted to deceive a whole nation, ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. The prisoners shall be publicly executed. Soldiers, attend the Queen to her apartment.

Alto.—(*Appear to Ada.*)—Let us hasten to save him. (Enter stage too long. Dagobert, may Heaven witness) I lodge thy virtues, though thou hast refused to acknowledge the fidelity of thy wife!—(*To Grimbald.*)—Tyrant, hear me. An emperor who has deceived a whole nation ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. Let this sentence be executed on whom it may,—it is just, and believe me every thing which is just is the eye of our Judge where it will be fulfilled.

[*Enter Adelgunda and Ada, attended by Soldiers.*
Gr.—(*Aside.*)—Ha! Now will she hasten to obtain vengeance—but her intentions shall be frustrated.—(*To Childbert.*)—Her crimes make her unworthy of your hand. She must be tried by the council of bishops. She is a reptile which grows on the happiness of your Majesty and the peace of the empire. Leave this impostor to my care. My office makes me his judge.—(*Exit to Dagobert.*)—Wretch, mark the moment when thou wert per-
 mitted by thy evil genius to direct thy steps hither. Thy doom is fixed. *Cries, King.*

[*Enter Grimbald and Childbert.*
Dag. Gr. These are unworthy of my indignation. *France!* What avails this gloomy look? Why stand you thus stupified and speechless? *Child.* *Grimbald,* what means this?

Gr. Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, dearest of judges as of hell, ye feel.

Dag. Horrible! What say you, my son?

Gr. Son! Oh, torment! Did I not see her too with you at once—with tenderness at Childbert?

Dag. As Childbert!

Gr. Did you not perceive it? Well, as ye

pleased. She did not look at Childers. I answered—and know you by what means? A grimace. Several minutes have destroyed my heart. I have no longer any heart or blood. There is no more.

Dep. Hen! Has Clark no heart for his friend
Dawson?—(Clark is silent at first, and is asked.)

Policy Implications and Research

Ans. Welcome, friends. When will you?

Over time, and with him dead.

Reg. 'Tha well. Death and Deighert are nearly allied. Oh, yes. Be not ashamed of embracing me.

d. The Governor—no interest—the person who

friend. But, friend, unless you would live among slaves. On my soul I would not save you pure in any power. The Franks are a degenerate race. The pure spirit of our fathers is extinguished. It were idle folly to expect a noble act from a nation, which has submitted to the yoke of a tyrannical usurper. It is a disgrace—oh, that I was obliged to say so!—it is a shame to be a Frank.

Drug abuse 1990; 17: 111-112. © 1990 Blackwell Science Ltd

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Frankie returned to the States in 1946. "The station dropped me," and the government charged me with poor fortune and return. They laughed at me, and treated me as if I were dead. I never graduated this writing of the Quran, after peacefully with it, they stood aside in each other in self-achievement.

Fluss. Laut einer Studie von R. Meyer

Gen.—(*Peripatus* the previous.)—The Queen some hours ago commanded me to lay it before the nobles of the nation.

like this, who has attempted to deceive a whole nation, ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. The prisoners shall be publicly executed. Soldiers, attend the Queen to her apartment.

Alid.—*(Sings to Adia.)*—Let us hasten to see him. *(Singer stays too long.)* Dagobert, may Heaven acknowledge thy victory, though thou hast refused to acknowledge the felicity of the war!—*(To Childobert.)*—Tyrant, hear me. An empire that has deceived a whole nation ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. Let this sentence be executed on whom it may—it is just, and believe me every thing which is just in the eyes of our Judge divine will be fulfilled.

(Enter Adalgunde and Adia, attended by Soldiers.)

Gr.—*(Alid.)*—Ha! Now will she have to admit assistance—but her intentions shall be frustrated.—*(To Childobert.)*—Her crimes make her unworthy of your hand. She must be tried by the council of bishops. She is a reptile which grates on the happiness of your Majesty and the peace of the empire. Leave this impostor to my care. His office makes me his judge.—*(Goes to Dagobert.)*—Wretch, even the moment when thou wert persecuted by thy evil genius to direct thy steps hither. Thy doom is fixed. Come, King.

(Reverend Chislebold and Childobert.)

Dag. Ch. Thou art unworthy of my indignation. *(Points.)* What means this gloomy look? Why stand you thus stupid and speechless! Clavia, Clavia, what means this?

Ch. Ha! Ha! Ha! You, deers of judges and of hell, ye fools.

Dag. Horrible! What say you, my son?

Ch. Son! Oh, torment! Did I not see her look with scorn at me—with scorn—as Childobert!

Dag. At Childobert!

Ch. Did you not perceive it? Well, as you

pleas. She did not look at Childlove. I am cured—and know you by what means! A grim infernal monster has devoured my heart. I have no longer any heart or blood. Clovis is no more.

Dag. Hush! His Clovis no heart for his friend Dagobert?—(Clovis goes at him, and is struck.)

Enter GOSLIE and BRUNO.

Dag. Welcome, friends. Whom seek you?

Gos. Our King, and with him death.

Dag. 'Tis well. Death and Dagobert are nearly allied. Oh, rise. He not intended of endangering me.

(The Queen enters, and kneels, and says—)

Q. I have been thinking of you, and of your

king, and of your people, and of your

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Dag.—(*Reads.*)—"Ye faithful nobles, let your hearts be open to the tears and complaints of the forsaken Adelpheide. She implores your assistance in behalf of King Dagobert. The invincible services of the All-just God have brought him from the deserts of Ireland, to which the faithless Grinwald banished him two years ago. In the deepest dungeon of the castle, he expects immediate death from the hands of the tyrant. The valiant Charles is a witness and sharer of his wretched fate. Till now he remains unknown to his foes, and is condemned to die for having stabbed the villain Chlofstein. I myself will raise the way to his release. Chlofstein believes he will this day obtain my hand; but at the altar and in your presence will I plunge a poniard in his breast, that Heaven may see how sacred was the vow of chastity which I pledged to Dagobert."

"*ANTAGONA.*"

(*Enter Antagona.*)—Good angels, hear this kiss to her. Oh, faithful Adelpheide, forgive my suspicious. Friend, we have wronged her much. Deceived by appearances, I was deaf to her sincere protestations. Well, German, what said they, when they had perused this?

Gen. Awhile they stood in silent wonder, till Osmar said—"But Dagobert shall he would have disclosed it to his friends, or have come with a foreign army to oppose his enemies. Who can be sure that even the Queen herself is not deceived?"

Dag. The dangerously false!

Gen. Conversation of this nature occupied some time, till Erlan came, dispatched by the Queen to apprise us of your immediate danger.

Dag. And when you tell the assembly?

Gen. "Let us first see him," said they, "and he shall find that he has friends."

Dag. Enough! They shall see him. My soul

burns with eagerness.—*(Throws off his pilgrim's habit.)*—Friends, know you this armour? Why thus—*unwatched?*

Bra. Oh, what Frank does not know it?

Gau. You wore it when you vanquished Clothar.

Dag. Ay, and I wore it on the day that I was proclaimed King of the Franks. I wore it too when Grimbald's hirelings dragged me from my country. Wilfried clasped it with a blessing when I left Ireland. Friends, let us embrace each other—perhaps for the last time. Gauar, give me thy sword and thy hand. Clovis, take thou Bruno's sword and hand. Now follow me.

Gau. I understand you well. Take not my sword, but let me be your shield.

Dag. Friend, if I be deemed to fall, I'll fall as the defender of my faithful subjects, the last duty which, as a King, I wish to fulfil.

Clo. Oh, my Liege, let me on my knees, perhaps for the last time—

Gau. Do not despise my fidelity—

Bra. Nor my tears.—*(All kneel.)*

Dag. My friends, my friends! Almighty God, if thou callst me to thee, protect those worthy men, that they may be the defenders of virtue, and their native land. What a sight!—*(Looks towards the north.)*—In God we trust. Now come.

Bra. Alas, you face inevitable death. A hundred cohorts guard this prison.

Clo. Let thousands guard it. The apprehension of so good and great a King will inspire each man with reverential awe.

Dag. If death oppose us, be not afraid, for they have no courage—if valiant men, they must be noble, and will, therefore, be our friends. Follow me. I am still a King.

[Takes Gauar's sword and creant.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene, a Saloon in the Palace. Enter GRIMBALD hastily, accompanied by Soldiers.

Gri. Well, now, do you thoroughly understand me?

Sol. We do.—*(They produce daggers.)*

Gri. Right. I rely on you. If you value your own fortunes, you will minutely follow my directions. After you have done the deed, mingle with the multitude. I pledge to you my word that you shall be rewarded beyond your expectations—and what risk do you run? See, there is my son, the King, with two thousand Finns, and I shall station myself in another part of the city with a thousand steady veterans. I then an unequal fight for them, in half an hour the accursed race shall be extinct. The woman, who has dared to oppose my power, shall give notice to hell of his approaching doom.—Take your stations. She comes.

Enter ANASTASIA and ADA.

Anastasia, you see the consequences of your rash conduct. Your life is in imminent danger. The people curse you, and require that you shall be sacrificed to their fury. How should was it by such conduct to make yourself unworthy a monarch's hand!

Ada. How has Heaven debased me by giving a Grimbald power to address me thus.

Gri. I should address you otherwise, were I to

speak as you deserve. The people say you bribed the guards that the escape of the traitor might make it more difficult to prove the falsehood of your infamous assertions. Indeed, by what other means could they escape?

Adel. They have escaped them?

Gré. No. Their hour is come. By Heaven, their death is as certain as their crime. Omer, Ragond, Gomar, and about four hundred more have joined the pretender. They have taken refuge in the house of Clovis from the indignation of the populace—but look—there stands King Childobert with three thousand men, and two thousand more are ready to follow me against this impostor. You may remain here, and await the account of his death. I have appointed three men to protect you, since it is evident that the people thirst for your blood. Farewell.—*(To the Sol.)*—Keep a watchful eye upon both of them, and when you hear my command from a distance, act as I have directed.

Adel. Stay, stay, Grimbald. Hear me. Must all the insurgents die—all?

Gré. By Heaven they must and shall.

Adel. How weak am I, that I cannot execute so good a deed!—Grimbald, you are right. Every villain ought to perish.—*(Suddenly draws a dagger from her bosom.)*—Condemned of Heaven, die.

Adel.—*(Holds her arm.)*—Oh, my mother!—*(Adel. retreats and covers her face with both hands.)*

Gré. Ha! traitress! This was thy last attempt!—Did you see this, men? Woman, the avenger's hand is stretched forth to punish thee. I go to exterminate thy adherents.—If thou wouldstst come—come Heaven for having given thee being—if thou wouldstst pray—pray to hell that it may swallow thee.—*(To the Sol.)*—Once more remember my commands. *[Exit.]*

Adel. No longer, then, does Heaven provide over

the human race. Triumphant villainy has bowed the Judge's arm. Why did my hand tremble? Why did my soul revolt at the idea of murder? Will Grimbald tremble too? Alas, no.—(To Ada.)—Who will ward the blow aimed at thy father?

Ada. Heaven will protect him.

Adel. Foolish girl! What cares Heaven for the fate of man? I too once hoped for its aid, but that hope I now no longer cherish. Oh, they will murder him, and then, poor child, with loss of one blow a father and a mother.

Ada. Horrible! Dear mother, that very thought would kill me, did not Hope animate my heart.

Adel. Do not deceive thyself, Ada. Rather expect the worst—then will the stroke be less severe.—Hark! What about was that—what a tremor courses through my veins!—Oh, God, forgive me, if I have murmured against the Providence. You—still do I feel no claim by relying on thy goodness.—Hark! See, the people are in motion.

Ada. Oh, my father, surely thou wilt not condemn the affliction of thy daughter, if it be the means of thy deliverance.

Adel. See! There goes a small band of warriors. 'Tis he, 'tis he.—'Tis Dagobert, who leads them. How proudly does he march in the very armour which he wore upon the day of our marriage. Oh, how dreadfully his sword glimmers in the air.—And see, Childberts approach him.

Ada. Heaven! Should he have imposed upon my unsuspecting heart—

Adel. Gracious God! May I believe my eyes? Childbert falls at his feet.

Ada. At his feet?—Oh!—(Swoons.)

Adel. Ada! Why this deadly paleness? Fools do so much for her father's foe! Can her heart—Ada, hear me. He sinks on his knee, as if he meant to entreat forgiveness,

Ada. Forgiveness! Oh, yes, he deserves to be forgiven. I too, my mother.—*(Kneels.)*—I too deserve to be forgiven. His heart is devoid of guilt. He swore by his affection for me that he would save my father.

Adel. Unhappy girl, couldst thou confide in a man sprung from the villain Grinbold?

Ada. I confide in Heaven, in human nature, and in love.

Adel. Oh, may thy innocence find mercy in the eyes of God. But fearful promises overpower my soul. Do I not hear the name of Dagobert! Yes, yes, it is the shout of victory. Oh, I must fly to meet him. To me—to his wife belongs his fate.—*(As she is going, two of the soldiers detain her.)*

Sol. Hold!

Adel. Shout dare you—*(A shout of victory; victory is heard.)*

Sol. Now die.—*(A soldier slays the Queen, and while two others are rushing towards the Princess Bruno enters and intercepts their passage.)*

Bru. Unparalleled villainy!

Adel. Oh, Bruno—blood—blood.—*(Falls to the earth. The soldiers escape.)*

Bru. Help! Help!—*(Rushes her.)*

Ada. Oh, my mother! Alas! Where shall I seek help?

Bru. Gracious Queen!

Adel. I thank thee, Bruno; my husband and I shall now be united in death.

Bru. No, no. Virtue is triumphant; Dagobert, King of the Franks, lives, beloved by his subjects.

Adel. Say'st thou so?—Oh, I no longer feel my wound. Conduct me to him!

Bru. Wait till we obtain some assistance.

Adel. From thy words I shall be best assisted. Tell me, tell me all.

Bru. The noble Dagobert, full of reliance on his

courage and the goodness of his cause, boldly left his prison, followed by Gloria, Genoa, and myself. At sight of him the constable fled, like the damned when an angel appears to them. Thus we reached Osnar at whose home our research's friends were assembled. Grimhild summoned his followers, and the people attached themselves to him and Chloë's part. He threatened to burn the house unless we would restore our captives. Chloë managed to leave all bounds rushed against him and Grimhild killed her. Genoa was long-handed work, she had to wait.

[illegible]

Asst. Ch. Brown, has just been transported out. Come, come. I need no assistance. I feel no wound. Were death already creeping through every vein, it could not touch my heart, for nothing would bar its progress.

Flare supported by Ben. and Ada.

Some, in spacious square. Dagobert, Caesar, Ra-
mond, Caesar, and other heights are discovered,
surrounded by the populace.

Dearest, Yes, my friends and much loved subjects, thus did your monarch drag to a wretched existence, condemned at home, and despised abroad. But dreadful as was my fate, I know no greater sorrow than when I thought of you—than when I reflected that you groined beneath the yoke of tyranny, and had no protector of your honors, no defender of your rights. Oh, believe me, your fate

himself from my grasp, and rushed towards the palace.

Dag. Horrible, horrible! Triumph not, oh villain, in the enjoyment of thy crimes. The delay of punishment doubles its severity. But where are my wife and child? Why must my eagerness to clasp them in my arms be so long ungratified?

Gem. I hasten to them.

Dag. Right, Gemma.—(Exit Gem.)—Alas, my friends, should such a happy day—Hope reversed my late sufferings, and now fate embitters my happiness.—(A cry of "Oh, she is dying, she is dying," is heard.)—What cry of horror is that? Who is dying?

Enter ANATOLINA, supported by ANA and BRUNO, followed by GEMMA, with a crowd.

Alas! My Queen! My Adalgarda!

Adel. Dagobert!—(Releases herself and rushes a few steps towards him, but sinks back into the arms of Gem. and Bru.)

Adel. My father!—(Flies into his arms.)—Oh, my mother!

Bru. This was Grimbold's last act of cruelty.

Dag. Barbarian that he was! My wife, my Adalgarda! Is this the day that I so long have wished for!—Friends, friends, I feel I shall sink under this calamity. What is my being, but the sensation of agony? What tears have I shed at moments, when my sorrow was far less—yet now, I cannot weep.—Yes—Oh, God, I do not complain—but—the trial is over.—(Sinks into the arms of Gem.)

Gem. Oh, that I could plunge my sword into the murderer's heart again!

Gem. The Queen revives.

Adel. Dagobert!

Dag. My love!

Adel. Mother!

Adel. First am I, that my hand will grow cold while clasped by thine—that when I am dead, a tear will trickle from thy cheek upon mine.—Beneath sorrow from thy breast—yet still remember me.—Dagobert, reward thy friends toward Childsbent soon. His heart is virtuous, for he loves the virtues of our daughter.—Make Ade happy—for she loves him.—I shall not forget my mother made me, who—

Adel. I will be good to you, Dagobert, let me know if you will. I will I fly, wrap me in your arms, and wash my face.

Dag. He has said enough to me.

Adel. He has said you are the strongest man in your age. He says the whole world is to be kept from that the world is to be kept from.

Dag. You are, then, as good as the King, for whom these words have died—No! Her eye breaks, and death quivers on her lips.—(Falls at Adelgunda's feet.)

Adel. Where is Ade!—Thy hand too—I feel—she—Dagobert—(Adel—screams—well—(Rise.)

Dag. Oh, my Adelgunda!

Adel. Beloved mother!

Gen. What a dreadful hour!

Dag.—(Remains some time with her arms round Adel, while Adel breathes at her side. He now suddenly walks forward.)—Thy home.—She has executed the hardest task of human nature.—Break not, my heart. Keep thy sorrows closely lodged, lest the air should dissipate them.—Come, my friends.

I want your presence on another occasion of national consequence.

Enter King, Duke, and others.
King.—What news?
Duke.—None of whom

King.—He is not here. I have searched out-
 ward, within, and here.

Duke.—He is not here, but he is not far off.
King.—He is now in the market on the road, and yet, when I dare not call on, he shuns, hears me. False ambition has misled me. It has hurried my heart, but, believe me, not corrupted it. I was gullible of your Mararch's baseness. Like you, I was deceived by assurance of his death. I was but sixteen years of age, when my father had me King. Flatterers and slaves surrounded me,—they directed my thoughts, my words, my actions, as their villainy suggested. I wavered between virtue and vice, though never undecided in my choice:—but when my inclination and conviction drew me towards virtue, and compulsion and the arts of those, who were acquainted with my weakness, led me again to the path of vice. The return and condemnation of Dagobert

As soon as he recognized her, he was I am not sure of it.

—You are I was the first, I am not sure of it.

King.—I am not sure of it, I am not sure of it.

—In this slight habit—

—in this slight habit—

—in this slight habit—

—in this slight habit—

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—in this slight habit—

Give me your hand in the presence of this assembly.

Old. Oh, lead me away.—The consciousness of my crime makes your kindness a most painful punishment.—There, while blood flows, now runs, against my blood. Alas! I am not among the dead, while the murderer lives.—*Exit.*

Dege. I have seen the murderer, and if on such a day I should place in your midst, a man, who, having seen the murderer, would speak of that Deity, who ordered that we should live to see this awful day, I will return my arms into the hands of the French. Arruinhed men have made the burden too heavy for me. Today I have drunk the last drop of the cup of misery, which will endure my remaining days. Yet will I be a father to my people. My compass shall be united to the Monarch's power, and from this union, with Heaven's assistance, shall our nation find happiness and peace.

ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN.

A TRAGEDY.

IN FOUR ACTS.

(TRANSLATING THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF THE
GREAT MASTER OF THE ART.)

FROM

KOTZEBU.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—

MEN.

Sir HUGH DE WOLFESEN, a Knight of the Holy Cross
against the Saracens.

Sir THRESHOLD DE WOLFESEN, a Knight of the Holy
Cross against the Franks and Saracens—Son of
Sir Hugh.

WILKINSON, 3 Sons of Sir Threshold, six and seven years
OTTOMAN, 1 old.

BARTOLAN, an old Jew.

STEWART, an Agent of the Franks against the

Moorish, Chief of a Arabian tribe.

A Moor.

A CHIEF.

WOMEN.

ANNELENE, Wife of Sir Threshold.

Syrre, Calicotta, &c. &c.

in exchange, if a whining child can thus answer, here's mine! My knees tatter when I catch a falling eye, and the groans of the dying make a very woman of me. 'Tis well the battle is over. I could not fight now.

Re-enter Squire.

Squire. All is silence. The streets are covered with carcasses of men, women, and children. The honour of the Almighty is avenged. The sanctuaries of the idols are demolished. The holy cross is seen on every side. But few heathens have escaped; some hundreds, with the chief of their tribe, are our prisoners. Our hand returns in triumph, and laden with rich booty.

Thereld. Booby dost thou call it? 'Call it pilage—pillage which I do not wish to share.

Squire. Not far from the village, too, I found the Monk, whom I captured as upon our expedition. I could not but laugh at the good man. In the heat of battle he had climbed the highest oak, and was silly peeping through the branches, till I told him that the danger was over, when he descended from his perch, and withdrew close at my heels.

Thereld. I am sure as a boy to blow the flame, and fearful as a boy to stalk near a corner where it spreads around, has ever been the way. How strange are my sensations! An invisible hand tears away the cloud of selfishness, and truth 'already' dwells in the bosom. Would I were at home with the partner of my soul!

Enter Monk.

Monk. Praise be unto God! Hail noble Knight! The Lord was with your sword. Fallen are the proud heathens, and demolished their abominable

Idola. My eye is moistened with a pious tear—a tear of heavenly joy, when I beheld the emblem of the holy cross, wreathed by your valiant arm.

Theobald. Give me then your testimony that I have honourably fulfilled my vow. You well know how your abbot, by the pious word which flowed from his lips, by pious looks, by exhortation, and promises of blessings, persuaded me to this expedition. Give me your testimony, in his presence, that I have fulfilled the word of a knight.

Abbot. That will I. I will relate to him what miracles of valor you performed in our holy cause before my eyes.

Theobald.—(In a tone of decision.)—Pardon me, good father! 'Twas beneath your eyes.

Abbot. And he shall double your absolution, shall extend it to your children, and bless you through a thousand generations.

Theobald. 'Tis well. Then I shall be blent enough. Now, with the hand of a knight, take the irreversible oath, that, as long as this arm can wield a sword or lance, it never shall again contend for the church, or for God, as you call it.

Abbot. Sir Knight, Sir Knight, you forget yourself.

Theobald. I do not—little as I ever shall be able to forget the scenes of horror, which last night I witnessed. I told you in your word. Did you not give your testimony that I had fulfilled my vow? Have not I, have not my absolution yet done enough? Have you forgotten that, for three and twenty years, I have been fatherless?—that Hugo of Wulfingen wore to the Holy Land, against the Saracens, and there, probably, found his grave?

Abbot. A blessed martyr, if his blood flowed for the glory of God!

Theobald. Yet my tears, and the tears of my mother, flowed for him.

Moab. Fear is the crown of the just.

Threshold. Five words you have at command, good father.

Mark. The words of the church's servant, his testimony and his blessing bear the seal of God, as upon the beams of light, so heavenly light. Directed by them, no angel will obstruct your way. But if your cholerick valour cannot brook empty words—Ye will, Sir Knight, to you belong *death*. Arise! Fight for the honour of our God! Is your arm already weary? Is your sword already gorged? Behold, all the tribes which dwell upon the coast, are lost in careless indolence, and where perchance one fugitive escaped your arms, he has poured dismay and terror into every trembling heart. Arise! Rally your followers! Away to fresh conquest!

Pharaoh. Spare your lungs, good father: I abide by my oath. Of what avail can thou, how canst thou be to Gosh, to you, my country, or myself? God needs no champions. I could score some reckoned among my followers, make a valiant warrior to wield the sword or battle-axe. What are they else? *Knights, who go under any name*—see, and this is—*I have met you!*

Age Group	Percentage
18-29	~15%
30-49	~25%
50-69	~35%
70+	~45%

Followed by a
presence of the...
quered. It...
on the point of which is placed the...
—A good and...
—A good and...

Abstract: Many have looked for answers to

Followers. Not so. He speaks but little, yet each word is a command. His impressive tone, his heavy lids, and his dignified mien, constrain the most stubborn to submission. He comes.

Enter MURROU, guarded, and in chains.

Murrou. Whither will you lead me? Why do you drag me over the bodies of my brethren, and the smoking ruins of my former dwellings? Is it not alike to you where I die? Slay me. I'll go no further.

Guard. Bend thy knee before that cross.

Murrou. Never!

Monk. How? Darest thou insult our God?

Murrou. Never did I insult your God, nor should I, had I been your conqueror. Never did I bend my knee before your God, nor will I, though I am your slave.

Monk. Kneer, Sir Knight! He attacks the honour of God. As the feet of the holy cross, let his blood, drop by drop—

Therold. Reverend father, I heard no attack.—
(*Half aside.*)—Old man, I venerate thy pride.

Monk. Sir Knight, I command you in the name of God—

Murrou. Is this your knight? Is this he, who, like a destined fall, when it is dark, and darkness comes, tribe? Is this your knight? Is this he, who only draws his sword to plunge it in the hearts of sinners?

Therold.—(*Grasping his sword.*)—Nay! But thy chains protect thee.

Murrou. Why hesitate? 'Tis but one murder more. Or dost thou think it a less honorable deed to butcher an unarmed old man, than a poor helpless babe?

Therold. Kneer, man, thou dost mist me.

Murrou. Oh! I know thee well. The groans of the dying too plainly told me who thou art. How they all stare at me! Some with scorn, others with compassion. Stare at me still, but with scorn.

not compassion.—Scorn I can return: compassion
hurls me.

Thorsolt. Take off his chains, and leave us.—
(*Guards step.*)

Attilah. I know not, Knight, in this benevolence?
Have you then rid me of my fetters, that I may die
at liberty? Then, take my thanks. Or is it mockery?
Will then make me feel, that, even when free from
chains, my arm can do no more. Then was he on
thy land! The first fire-brand, which, I trust, shall
lead thee to destruction.

Thorsolt. I meant to die *with* thy soul. I
wished to converse coolly with thee—I wanted to
find means to cure thy boiling blood. For this I
took away thy chains.

Attilah. Coolly! Am thou mad? I had seven
sons—they are all fallen. I had three daughters—
thy villains have defiled and murdered them. I had
a wife—a wife who, for forty years had shared my
joy and sorrow—there she lies, weltering in her
blood. Coolly! Coolly! I was chief of the tribe,
respected and loved. Young and old assembled
round me on festivals, and called me father. Even
last night, I stood in the circle of my friends, and

Thorsolt. I am not mad—I am a man.—
(*Attilah looks at him.*)

Attilah. (To *Thorsolt*.)—Coolly!
(*Thorsolt* looks at him.)

Thorsolt. (To *Attilah*.)—Coolly!
(*Attilah* looks at him.)

Attilah. (To *Thorsolt*.)—Coolly!
(*Thorsolt* looks at him.)

Attilah.—(After a pause, during which he directs
his *slaves*.)—Young man! Thy maternal passion
was roused; it is, perhaps, imposed. What had
I done to thee? We had never seen each other:
I had never injured thee. Why dost thou fall on
me and mine, when we had met our arms in sleep?

Thorsolt.

4

Hast thou two children? Hast thou too a heart?—
(*Threshold is checked and silent.*)

Munk. We took ours by command of our God,
to erect his holy cross among the heathen, to con-
duct the blind into the path of light, to convert
wolves into lambs, and unite them to the flock of
the Lord.

Mistral. Then should ye have approached our
lonely herds, with the palm of peace in your hands,
and the honey of persuasion on your lips. Then
should you have preached the word of truth, and
sent conviction to our hearts. Had you done this,
perhaps we had willingly followed your instructions.

Munk. Dost thou not acknowledge, then, our
God's omnipotence, and your idol's impotence?
Behold! There in the dust lies he! The holy cross is
reared on high.

Mistral. Shallow thought! Mortal hands have
formed that image. Mortal hands have raised the
cross. Mortal hands have levelled that with the
earth, and planted this upon the hill. Why talk of
thy God and of our God? We have but one God.
And must the blood of hundreds thus be shed, be-
cause one chooses a cross, another a heathen's flag, as
the symbol of the Invisible?

Munk. Hush, Sir Knight! He blasphemes.

Threshold. Peace, Munk! Reverse his sign.

Munk. If thy heart pay him regard to God's
honour than to his, 'tis well. Think thou, at least,
of all the dreadful sieges, which for a long train of
years, have been committed on our lands, by these
rude barbarians, ever since Henry the Lion, and
Bernard of Saxony, were no more. Think of the
poor Christians, who have been forced by them to
bear the galling yoke of slavery. Think of the
wives and children whom they have made widows
and orphans.

“*voice of thy heart. I understand thee. This was not thy cruelty.—(With a glance towards the Monk.)—Thou wert but the instrument.—(Pressing his hand.)—I forgive thee. The blood of the slain be not on thee nor on thy children. I take back the staff, drenched in the gore of my friends. I take it, to do good, while my weary feet still rests upon the brink of the yawning grave. But my faith I never will renounce. I am old. My days can be but few. Already is the power bending the clay, from which my urn is to be formed. In the faith of my fathers have I lived: in the faith of my fathers will I die.*”

Monk. Hark, Sir Knight! No blasphemes.

Mistral. But to thee be full permission granted to send men into my territories, who may peaceably encounter those doctrines, of which they affirm themselves possessed. To my people, too, be full permission granted, to adopt those doctrines. If they but fulfil their duty towards me and my brethren, I shall be silent.

Theobald. I am satisfied. But one condition more. Thou hast mentioned the purchase of a christian slave. My duty, as a knight, forbids me to leave him among heathens.

Mistral. I go in search of him. But ere I leave thee, stranger, give me thy name.

Theobald. Theobald of Wulfingen.

Mistral. And he with whom thou speakest is old Mithral, and as a proof that he no longer feels resentment, he divides this ring.—*(Draws a ring from his finger, breaks it, and gives half of it to Theobald.)—Take this, and if ever thou again approach these dwellings, thou, or thy son, or thy grandson, let him send it to me. Then will I acknowledge the bond of hospitality now made between us, and receive him in my hut—when I again possess one.—(After a pause of heart-felt anxiety.)—Farewell!*

Threshold.—(Rushes into his arms.)—Farewell! Be my friend.

Alfred. I am thy friend. The blessings of thy God and of mine be showered upon thee! Trust not, youth, such men as we shall meet again, whether before the throne of Jehovah, or in the blissful habitation of Paradise. [Exit.

Threshold.—(Leans wearily against a tree.)—Be not ashamed of such a tear. Let it flow unchecked. 'Tis a tear, that will become a knight.—What virtue, that may be found in this heathen? I took his all and he forgave not. Black, Christian, black!

Alfred. Sir Knight, be on your guard. A heathen's virtue is but mere hypocrisy.

Threshold.—(Proceeds.)—Fellow! Musing thy listlessness, and equest thy hands! These things are useless as my fish as he can swim.

Alfred. This
of the church,
shrink not
Knight, Sir
fare our pen

.

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Alfred. Is this the language of a Christian hero? Will you not rather restore their fish, and offer sacrifice to them, even at the foot of the holy cross?

Threshold. Beware of derision, reverend father. Do you wish the propagation of the gospel? Well!

Threshold. Thy name?

Bertram. Bertram.

Threshold.—*(Starts.)*—Bertram! Heavens! Hadst thou a daughter?

Bertram.—*(Hesitates.)*—A daughter? No—Yes—

Threshold. Is Adelaide thy child?

Bertram.—*(Extremely agitated.)*—Adelaide! Yes—that is my daughter's name. Is she alive?

Threshold.—*(A deep line in her arms.)*—Adelaide is my wife!

Bertram.—*(Starts.)*—Thy wife!

Threshold.—*(Starts.)*—Thy wife!

Bertram.—*(Starts.)*—That possible?

Threshold.—*(Starts.)*—That possible.

Bertram.—*(Starts.)*—That possible?—Not long

after the death of my wife. She was

wrecked, I—*(Starts.)*—She was

not an orphan, my wife was—*(Starts.)*—I

lost my father, and, I—*(Starts.)*—

Vandals robbed me, and—*(Starts.)*—

tears, sank deep into my

heart. I saw her—

My wife had fixed her

my wife—but then—*(Starts.)*—

the last chance—*(Starts.)*—

belong, then—*(Starts.)*—

yes, then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

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then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

then—*(Starts.)*—

them. My children will revere them. Thou shalt pass, the remainder of thy days in undisturbed tranquillity.

Bertram. I thank you, Sir-Knight. Allow me other question.

Theobald. Call me son.

Bertram. Is your father yet returned from Palestine?

Theobald. Alas! No. Why dost thou dash this sorrowed in my cup of joy? For twenty years I have had no account of him. Doubtless he fell a sacrifice to the fury of the infidel, with many other that knights, who went into the Holy Land. Thousand of tears have I shed for him, as a child, on the lap of my mother: as a youth, on the grave of my mother: and as a man, on the bosom of thy daughter—Let us quit the subject, for the rest of this day dedicated to joy. Heaven! What a full measure of delight awaits my Adelaide! How rich was she deceived by all her frightful visions! I go to court an immediate return. Hold thyself in readiness. In a few minutes we bend homeward.

[Exit with the Monk.]

Bertram. What have I heard!—Wretch that I am!—Shall I, then, be reconducted to my brethren, only to plunge an affectionate couple into irrecoverable misery? His God prolonged my days, only to involve me in a contest the most horrible, between religion and humanity? With a single word, I crush four innocent fellow-creatures, drive them into wretchedness, and bring down the ben upon their heads.—No.—I will be dead. I'll tear my tongue from my mouth.—Adelaide! My dear good Adelaide!—Oh! Why was I not allowed to die here in peace?—*[The sound of a trumpet is heard at a distance.]*—The signal of return! But ere I go, another tear upon the neck of generous Minerva. Would it were the last that I am doomed to shed on earth!

[Sluggers over the ruins, leaning on his stick.]

ACT I. ADELAIDE, OF WULFINSEN. 179

Cyprien. I shall never change. Where is your mother?

Madeleine.

On stage.

Cyprien. Where is she?—*On stage.*

On stage.—*On stage.*

Cyprien.—*On stage.*

thing unknown.

On stage.

On stage.

On stage.

On stage.

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On stage.

On stage.

On stage.

On stage.

On stage.

On stage.

Enter ADELAIDE, with two water-pitchers.

Heaven bless you, noble lady!

Adelaide. And you, reverend abbot.

Cyrollus. It is, then, true! I thought that Otto ~~was~~ had told me a falsehood.

Adelaide. That he dare not, even though in jest. What was it that you would not credit?

Cyrollus.—*(Pointing at the pitchers.)*—Your desecration to the employment of a novice.

Adelaide. Does this surprise you, reverend abbot? You may, perhaps, mistake it for ostentation, since I have no more servants; and an industrious wife may be employed to better purpose, than in bringing water from the well. I will explain it. To you my lark is not a secret. Eight years are on this day elapsed, since I went down with these same pitchers to yonder well. My tears were mingled with the water: for, you may remember, at that time the Vandal had just robbed me of my father, the only prop of my poor helpless youth. Sir Theobald was now, loved me, and made me the happiest of women. Shall I not treasure this day? Long as I live, I shall retain their place

Cyrollus.—*(Pointing to the pitchers.)*—Nay, do I find, upon these, the dew of tears, which touched my morning

Adelaide.—*(Pointing to the pitcher.)*—My reason tells me that I have no more business. My

Cyrollus.—*(Pointing to the pitcher.)*—I will in my remembrance the first words, the first looks, at my dear Theobald.

Adelaide. This is commendable, noble lady. But beware lest your affection should become idolatry.

Adelaide. Oh, that my affection were capable of increase! Am I not indebted to him for every thing? Without him what had I been? A deserted orphan, turned out into the wide world, and exposed to every violence. The tears of sorrow flowed

into these pitchers, and for eight years I have shed
more hot tears of joy. Oh, that my *brother* were
capable of increase! Oh, that this heart could love
more fervently.

Cyrielus.—(*Aside.*)—Torture!

Adelaide.—(*Departed.*)—For the first time, in all
these happy years, he is absent on this day. But,
he is fighting for our holy church, and therefore I
submit. What think you, venerated father? May he
soon return from this excursion?

Cyrielus. As it happens, *maie lady*. He swore
to me that he would live to the edify the heathen
villages which lay beyond the Elbe, *and* destroy the
inhabitants with fire and sword. If he should find
the wretches unprepared, he will with ease at once
annihilate them. If not, the days may be prolonged
to weeks.

Adelaide.—(*Raising her hands and eyes.*)—Pro-
tect him, God of battles! 'Tis thy holy name for
which he fights. Cover him, ye angels, with your
wings. Conduct him back victorious, to the bosom
of his affectionate wife, to the arms of his children.

Cyrielus.—(*Looks on her.*)—Here am I to be alone with
her, and yet to be so far from her!—Worth as my
counsel!

Adelaide.—(*She looks on the picture of her
brother in tears.*)

OSWALD appears.

Oswald. Mother! What a many men on horse-
back! They make a dreadful dust.

Adelaide. Has not the centinel discovered who
they are?

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Wulfald. They're too far off.

Adelaide. Go then, children, climb upon the turret, and when they are nearer, come to me again. [The boys run away.]

Cyrillus.—*(Somewhat afraid.)*—'Tis not—no one would hope—any hostile surprise.

Adelaide. Oh, fear is not, reverend abbot. My husband has no quarrels with his neighbours. Perhaps they may be guests; then I am only sorry Sir Threshold is abroad. Perhaps, too, they may pass on the left to Emmersdorf.

Re-enter WULFALD and OTTOMAR, with a show of joy.

Both. Mother! Mother! My father's coming! My father's coming.

Adelaide. My Threshold!—*(Rushes out, followed by Wulfald and Ottomar.)*

Cyrillus.—*(As if thunderstruck.)*—Ten thousand devils!—FATHER Benjamin! Father Benjamin! This is unpardonable.

ACT THE SECOND.

The Stage represents a place in front of the Castle of Wulfingen. In the background is a part of the Castle, surrounded by a moat, over which is a draw-bridge that falls when the curfew rings.

ADELAIDE, CYRILLUS, WILHELM¹ and OTTOMAR,
you issuing from the castle gate, over the bridge.

Adelaide. Oh, that I may not be deceived!

Wilhelm. No, mother, no! The guard on the tower knew my father's armour perfectly, and the white cross upon his helmet; and Father Benjamin was testing behind him on the scale.

Cyrillus. I congratulate you, noble lady.

Adelaide. Reverend abbot, I thank you. Run children. Check up the hall, and tell me when they approach.

Both.—(*Running up the hill.*)—Hasten! My father's coming! My father's coming!

Cyrillus.—(*Overriding his nervousness beneath a smile.*)
 —What transport these children feel.

Adelaide. Oh! Mine is not more ardent. Willingly would I run with them away every stone, were it but becoming in a wife. And why should it not? Custom and Fashion are full tyrants, and they impose their bondage even upon love and tenderness. Children, can you distinguish nothing?

Wilhelm.—(*Holding his hand about his eyes.*)—The sun dazzles me.

Ottomar.—(*Raising himself upon his toes.*)—Ottomar's so little, mother.

Cynthia.—(In a tone of division.)—It would seem as if the Knight had but been paying a familiar visit.

Aphelide.—(Exclamatively.)—He has, I cannot doubt it, done his duty, and that he has done it in so short a time, deserves your thanks as the author of the expedition, and name as the expectant wife. Willst thou, can you see nothing?

Walden. Dust, dear mother, a great deal of dust,
and amongst it something, I mean like you.

Cynicism—It's a sort of armor.—If they raise us much dust do their return, as at their departure, "We a happy sign that ye-ow can have lost his life in the exercise."

Adeline. I know not, reverend sir, what inference I am to draw from your remarks. Do you mean to attack the honour of Sir Theobald; or, why do you insult me, sir, with such discourse?

Alfred: Yes so, reversed about. I am not disposed for any interruption in my joy. Willhold, can you still discover nothing?

It did not say (I lay on his hands)—Hush, dear mother! It is not father! It is my father! I know his voice. He is riding in a riding behind him, and the other is the wife.

... my mother,
... God, that thou hast
... prayer, and thrown my debt

Can she be suffering?

*Adelaide. Princes, or nervous terror—could the
narration what you will. With fearful heart I
always have surveyed the steel, which was to break
my husband to the heat of battle. But never have
I felt what yesterday occurred me. Methought*

a world was laid upon me! Methought a gulph divided me from my beloved Theobald! Heaven be praised! 'Twas but a dream. My imagination catches such quick slum.

Cyrillus. Be not so quick in your conclusions. Prayers are the warnings of the Almighty. 'Tis true your husband now returns in health. For this we render thanks to God and to Saint Herbert. Yet is there nothing but life, for which you troubled I know, full well, fair lady, that strict fidelity lies nearer to the heart of man, who loves like you. How if—(which Heaven forbid, but our tempter is ever on the watch)—how if Satan, even entering moon-light nights, should have availed himself of some fair heathen, to ensnare the pious knight. I have seen those fiery darts. Lost is their host. Modesty can find no sanctuary with Uged; and Sir Theobald, as they say, inherited warm blood from old Sir Hugo.

Adelaide.—(Smiling).—Reverend abbot, if you would not mistake the jest, I should woe-fully tell you, that you bear poison on your tongue.—But hark! I hear the sound of horses' hoofs already echo through the valley. Come, children! Quick to to meet your fathers!—(Runs with Willbold and Ottomar, to the side where Theobald approaches.)

Cyrillus.—(Aside).—Obedience! Sheds armed on every side.

Enter Sir THEOBALD, the Monk, BERTRAM, &c. &c.

Adelaide.—(Throwing her arms round Theobald's neck).—My husband! So soon returned!

Theobald.—(Reclining).—Not too soon, I hope?

Adelaide. Bantock! I could almost answer, yes.

Cyrillus.—(Aside).—And I could almost burn with vengeance.

Theobald. Never have I made so good an expedition!—Heaven bless you, reverend abbot!—I bring thee, Adelaide, a present, more valuable far than all thy jewels.

Adelaide. Yourself.

Theobald. Wouldst thou make me vain? I have long been thus. No, I restore to thee a stolen treasure, which has cost thee many a tear. May thou and I for ever share thy love! Look around. Does thy heart guess nothing?

Adelaide.—(*Looks. Bertram, who tell you has been standing, full of terror, among the attendants, and flies into his arms.*)—My father!

Bertram.—(*Returns her embrace, but sorrow and confusion overpowered his countenance.*)—My dear daughter!

Adelaide. Oh! This is more than all my warmest hopes. Almighty Providence! I have no words to thank thee. Grant me tears! Oh, grant me tears! And is it really you, whom I clasp fold in my arms? Alas! I feared that you had long since sunk beneath the weight of age and grief. I cannot look at you enough. You are just the same, except that your hair is somewhat more gray. Oh, God! I have no words. My thanks are unending in those tears. Dear father, I am married. These are my children. Come hither Willbold and Otmar. This is your grandfather. Embrace his knees and beg his blessings.—(*Willbold and Otmar kneel before Bertram.*)

Bertram.—(*Crossing them by turns, and raising them.*)—Rise! Rise!—If the blessing of an old man—who loves you as his children—can have any influence with the Almighty—I bless you.—God shield you from every misfortune—or give you strength to bear it!

Adelaide. How can misfortune enter into your

laughter at such a happy hour? All my wishes are fulfilled.

Threshold. Their grandfather, kin to me.

Abbot. And you too, dear grandfather.

Bartram. — (Kissing them.) — Sweet boys! — (To the girls.) — Four good children!

Threshold. Why this love, honest Bartram? What is wanting to their happiness? Reverend abbot, such a scene as this might drive down angels from the throne of God.

Cyrillus. For, Sir Knight! To compare such earthly joys to the blissful contemplation of the Highest.

Threshold. Pardon a hymn, to whom the enthusiasm of religion has not yet lent wings to soar into the third Heaven.

Cyrillus. Forasmuch, do you call it? You heap levity on levity. But I promise you, for the sake of that good man, that I will not. I have returned with very few converts. I have turned out the heathen, I have destroyed the idols, I have dispatched their slaves, I have cut off their heads, I have slain their dragons for the sake of the Lord.

Threshold. I have heard of this, Sir Knight. I have done more than I ought. As a man, as a knight, bound me, with fire and sword to exterminate the heathen idols, and crush the holy ones among them. Father Bartram can testify I have fulfilled my oath.

Cyrillus. 'Tis well. But as the angel of the Lord secretly was with your arm, why did you not proceed to all the neighbouring tribes, spreading destruction throughout the heathen territories?

Threshold. Because—how it were for all, reversed abbot—because my sword shall never fall again on those, who never injured me. If they be sheep, which wander in the desert, let the right path be pointed out to them, but let them not be led to

slaughter. I, at least, have no desire to be the butcher.

Cyrillus. Knight!

Thorsfeld. Abbot!

Cyrillus. Do you pretend to discuss to the church?

Thorsfeld. Oh, no, reverend abbot! I know my duties, and fulfil them. But, will you not participate our joy? Look round, and read, in every eye, the wish to spend in pure tranquillity a day, which Heaven has so singularly marked.

Adelaide. What can be the matter, my dear father? You seem uneasy.

Bertram. I am not well.

Adelaide. Come in. You want rest? To-day, so many different sensations have crowded on each other—

Bertram. True! True!

Adelaide. Come, then. Leave on me, that I may take you to a quiet chamber.

Bertram. Not in this castle, my dear Adelaide. I am not used to live within huge walls and towers. Let me return to my old hut.

Adelaide. Your hut is in ruins, uninhabited, and exposed to every blast. Allow me the pleasure of attending on you.

Bertram.—(*With forced acknowledgments.*)—I must be left alone—or I shall die at your feet. I will have no other dwelling than my former hut.

Thorsfeld. Your will is to your children a command. I will instantly dispatch my people to repair your hut, and provide it with every convenience. Meanwhile, use the best chamber in my castle, and let a cheerful visit complete the pleasure of this day. Reverend abbot, is it your pleasure to follow us?

Cyrillus. When I have fulfilled the duties of my office.

Thorsfeld. Till then, farewell! [*Exeunt Thorsfeld, Bertram, Willbold, Ottomar, &c.*]

patrol, accompanied by a hundred valiant warriors. The swords of the Saracens have slain them, and I return alone.—(*Descends the hill, and, for a few moments, surveys the castle with great emotion.*)—All as as I left it. No stone is broken; no tree is fallen. I could almost fancy that the swallow's nests against the wall were still the same. There, in the shade of yonder towering oak, I, for the last time, pressed to my heart my weeping wife, and blessed the child, that hung upon my knee. There, beneath the roof of yonder stone-charnished cottage, I, for the last time, held the infant in my arms, the offspring of my crime, the source of my never-ending anguish. Alas! What a crowd of sensations, which have slept for three and twenty years, wake in this solemn moment! Great God of Heaven! I thank thee, that thy angel, through so many perils, has thus brought me to the habitation of my fathers, were it but to lay my supine bones with theirs.—How my heart beats! even more than at the storm of Poitiers. Each one, each one could I ask, is my wife, and is my son alive?—The windows of the castle are forsaken; the bridge is down; no sapper in the field. Here peace must reign, or the plague must have exhausted its fury.—Thou guardian angel of my better days! Whisper to me whether joy awaits me in this castle: Or, shall I return again to Palestine, and seek some heap of earth where the poor pilgrim may repose in peace for ever?

WILHELM and OTTOMAN come from the castle.

Ottomar. Come, brother! I'll show you the nest, that I found yesterday.

Wilhelm. Is it high? Must one climb?

Ottomar. No. It's only in a low bush.

Wilhelm. Then I don't want to see it.

Ottomar. Why not?

Wulfbold. Where there is neither trouble nor danger, there can be no pleasure.

Hugo. Two sweet boys! My heart throbs.

Ottomar. Look, brother, at that man with a long beard. Let us go.

Wulfbold. No. We'll speak to him.

Ottomar. I'm afraid.

Wulfbold. Then go, and look for your nest.—(To Hugo.)—Who are you, old man?

Hugo. A pilgrim from Palestine.

Wulfbold. From Palestine! Do you bring any news of my grandfather?

Hugo. Your grandfather? Who is your grandfather?

Wulfbold.—(With pride.)—The valiant Sir Hugo of Wulstingen. Have you ever heard of him?

Hugo.—(Sincerely able to confuse himself.)—I believe I have.

Wulfbold. You believe you have heard of him, as you would say, is that so?

Hugo. Yes, yes, I remember with joy.

Wulfbold. And this is my grandfather, is that so? They hear in

Wulstingen, that you are a valiant man.—What is he master-

of?—What is he master of?—What is he master of?

Hugo. He is master of a great many things, as you would say.

Wulfbold. He is master of a great many things, as you would say.

Hugo. He is master of a great many things, as you would say.

Wulfbold. He is master of a great many things, as you would say.

Hugo. He is master of a great many things, as you would say.

Wulfbold. He is master of a great many things, as you would say.

who went to Palestine.—*(With tremulous solicitude.)*

—Have you then still a—grandmother?

Wilhelm. No. She has long been dead.

Hugo.—*(Trembles and slowly repeats the words.)*

—Has long been dead!—*(Sinks, sorrowfully.)*—

Margaretta!—*(Endeavouring to compose herself.)*—

Dear children, I am faint and weary. Dure I beg a crust of bread, and a cup of wine!

Barth. Directly.—*(They are running to the castle.)*

Hugo. And if your father would allow me a night's lodging in the castle—

Wilhelm. Through my mother. My father's just returned from battle, and asleep. I doesn't wake him. Ottomar, may here till I come back.

Ottomar.—*(Rushing after him.)*—I won't stay alone with that long-bearded man.

[Exit Ottomar and Wilhelm.]

Hugo. Oh, God! Hast thou the sufferings of three and twenty years at last appeared thee? Is it then true, that I shall yet find happiness? Hast thou, too, forgiven me, oh, Margaretta, my acknowledged sin? Lead me then out of this world with a cross upon my head? Yes. I am unworthy of the bliss which now awaits me. Let me but have happy tidings of my Adelaide, and angels may envy my old age. What hope! Scarcely could I refrain from folding them in my arms. Oh what ease may their mother be? Early has she seen the seed of love and honesty in their hearts, (and reward her for it). Right glad I am, that no one here can recognize me. The hearts of my son and daughter-in-law will be open to me. I shall try their kindness and their hospitality. I shall see whether Theobald still remembers his old father, whether he wishes his return, whether he will shed a tear for his death. What a scene, if all should happen as I wish! Let me only be upon my guard, but a father's heart too soon betray itself.

Enter Sir THEOBALD, WILTRALD, and OTTMAR.

Theobald. Where is the pilgrim, who has named my father? Welcome with this hand! Thou art the messenger of God.

Hugo. Sir Knight, I greet you. The Lord be with you, and with your house.

Theobald. Thou hast known my father? Speak! My heart yearns to hear thy message.

Hugo. For more than twenty years, Hugo at Wulfingen has been my friend. I have fought at his side in Farding, Melin, Mosopotam, and Parda. Oft, with mortal wounds, we have each other's wounds, inflicted by the sword, of our enemies. Oft, with fatal illness, we have each other's death, the last peer draught, until the wound he bore, at war divided us. For when the Emperor Frederick died, he sent towards Aachen, with English knights, a mighty Carre de Lion. There was the battle between Saladin and us. In it, and bloody was the contest. Many a valiant knight was left upon the field. Among the rest your father was supposed to have fallen, and I spent many tedious years in vain conquests after him. At length, weary with toil, I, eight months away, resolved on my return to this my native land, when, unexpectedly, I found old Hugo among the Sultan's prisoners in Babylon.

Adelaide and Theobald. A prisoner?

Hugo. There was, Sir Knight. He pines away in grievous thankless. How was his usage altered? Scarcely could I resist at the foot of my funeral. His chains were silver—his spoon—his food long and kneaded. With tears he threw his arms and clung around my neck, lamenting that he saw no end to his miserable days. He showed me his bed: it was a stone—A potsherd filled with water was his drink—A little rice was all his meagre diet.

* *Outraged.*—(*Sorrowfully.*)—Have I nothing to give?

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—My heart will break.

Therese.—(*Embracing Adelaide.*)—I thank thee, my good wife. I thank you, children. This moment binds my heart to you for ever.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—And mine too.

Therese. We will retire to a cottage, and till the earth. Bread we shall never want, and instead of luxury, let us trust on the delightful expectation, that we shall liberate my poor old father. I listen to the effort. He has long coveted my demerits. When he knows my wants, he will pay but sparingly. It matters not, if he will only give us what we want directly.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—I can refrain no longer.

Therese. Kaiser, old man, and refresh yourself with what my castle contains. My wife will let you want for nothing.—See! Here comes Bertram—let him be a partaker of our joyous hopes.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—True, 'th Bertram. Oh then I dare but call to him: "Where is my daughter!"

Enter BERTRAM from the castle.

Bertram. You have left me quite alone.

Therese. Come hither. Grieve and rejoice with us. This physician brings an account of Sir Hugo, my father. He is a slave in Babylon. But this day I'll sell my castle and demerits, cast all at the Sultan's feet, and conduct my father back in triumph.

Bertram.—(*Flies his eyes distinctly on Hugo.*)—How is this! Sure I am not deceived!—Those features—

Hugo. Then art not deceived. I am he.

Bertram.—(*Throws himself with a loud cry at Hugo's feet.*)—Sir Hugo!—My master!

(At these words all start, utter broken sounds of joy, astonishment, and admiration, and surround the old man. Theobald and Adelaide hang upon his arm, while Willhelm and Ottomar embrace his knees. The curtain falls.)

ACT THE THIRD.

A palace in the castle. On the walls hang eight pictures, larger than life, the narratives of the race of Wulfingen.

Enter Otto, Willhelm, Ottomar, and Adelaide.
Otto. You will be proud to see me, you will be rejoiced to see your daughter!

Adelaide. Dearest father! How can this climate make the summer so cold? Speak! Speak! Be not so sparing of thy words.

Ottomar. No!

Adelaide. A sigh! I understand that. She is dead! Another soul is gone, to distance vengeance against me, at the throne of God.

Ottomar. Would to God that she were dead!

Adelaide. What can'st thou? Is she debauched?

Ottomar. Sir Knight, prepare yourself for a rebuke! To you the world is not unknown.—You are well known, what chance—late—Oh, God! My tongue denies its office. Your list will strike towards

Horror, your blood congeal with horror in your veins.

Hugo. To whom dost thou say this? I have lived full many years. For five and thirty, I have been a Knight. Since I forsook the cradle I have been the sport of fortune, have learnt to distinguish truth from error. If she be not dishonoured, speak! I am prepared for all.

Beatrice. For fifteen years, your daughter was educated as my own. She increased in stature, beauty, worth; she instructed every youth, attended on my age, and managed, at my wife's desire, my little household. Never did any one suspect her to be other than the real daughter of old Bertram. My wife carried the secret with her to the grave. I alone was able to solve the mystery of her descent. I knew your sentiments, Sir Knight, I resolved never to withdraw the veil, which covered what was past; and, as she now had reached a proper age, I cast my eyes around, in search of some good lad, who would promote her happiness.

Hugo. Right, old man! Such was my wish.

Beatrice. The inscrutable designs of Providence have willed it otherwise. Once, on a festival, in honour of our guardian Saint, the villagers proceeded only to the altar, leaving behind them only the old people. I granted my daughter permission to accompany her friends; as I myself was unable to attend her. The neighbouring Vandals had waited this moment, when all our strength was absent. They fell upon our village, where not more than fifty persons were left, plundered our dwellings, drove away our cattle, and took the old men prisoners, who had staid behind—among the rest, myself. Eight years passed away. I was a slave among the heathens; My daughter dead to me, and I to her. But this morning—(Oh! why

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increase can their love, their happiness shrink? A mother by a brother, are not the children still more precious? Are not the parents still more amiable?

Alcyon. All true, Sir Knight. But——

Hagen. Hah! The picture is not half complete. I have but painted them within the castle: Let us now look without. Is not a good father and a tender husband by a bad neighbour? Can he spend his neighbour's property, who, with the wife, and these children, think much for richer than a prince?

Alcyon. Just and true, Sir Knight. But the

Hagen. Nay! Whom does it affect? Not me. Perhaps thee. He ever, old men. This phantom too I dare be sworn I can dissolve. Yet, there are higher duties, thou wilt say, than I have mentioned, duties towards God——

Alcyon. Alas! There it rests——

Hagen. Hark again! Will he prize less fervently? And seek? His power is not the urgent and noble craft of a fisher, and of hunters. 'Tis gratitude, who is strong from a grateful heart. Will he fight less bravely in his country and the church, than the crusader, whose courage is not tried by any thought on wife and child? Will he with less purity receive the holy sacrament, when he beholds the compassion of his lord devoutly kneeling by his side? Will the pang of conscience, to his last hour, cease less, because, thus to the captives of nature, he has given to his native land two useful citizens, to the world two honest men, to Heaven two angels? Not No! No! With joyful assurance will he appear accompanied with his wife and children, before the throne of the Almighty, receive his sentence without trembling, and join his voice to the Hallelujahs of the blessed——

Alcyon. But God's absolute commandment that we should not——

Hugo. I know what thou wouldst say. God's first commandment was the happiness of us, his creatures. This commandment is as old as the creation. It extends to every nation, every religion. What God, through the mouth of Moses, established for the welfare of a single state, that perhaps, may really promote the welfare of every state, must, at least, be subject to exceptions, and never was a case more worthy of exception.—Here then, old man, give me thy hand with confidence, and let this secret be concealed for aye. Still let Adelaide be Bertram's daughter. All peace with me at the happiness of our children. Rejoice with me, and be silent.

Bertram. As God may have mercy on me in my dying hour, I cannot, Sir Knight, I cannot. That inward consciousness of an avenging God rises in opposition to your arguments. *She* have addressed my senses: They are weak. Address my heart, and I will listen to you.

Hugo. Thy heart! Shall I paint the misery, which thou bring'st upon us all? Shall I describe the horrible thoughts of my children, and my grandchildren—the despair of thy old mother? Shall I—(unwillingly I do it)—shall I recount those of the many kindred ones, which I poured out on thy old parents, and since on thee?

Bertram.—(Falling and embracing his knee.)—Oh, no, dear Sir, To you I am obliged for all. 'Tis written in my heart. But, pay more reverence to God than man. Sacrifice the temporal rather than risk the eternal. Oh! could you feel the pangs of hell, which rage within me, you would have compassion on me. Oh, that I could erase the tale of horror from my recollection! At least let me shake the burden from my heart at the confessional chair. Our reverend abbot—

Hugo.—(With grim severity.)—Peace! Listen to

get, for the last time. If the misery of my children, the distresses of their lives, the despair of thy benefactor, can have no effect upon thee, hear this solemn oath, which, on the word and honour of a knight, I pledge in the ear of the Almighty. If, with a single look, a smile, or sign, thou dar'st to hint at this our secret, with my own hand I'll plunge my sword into thy heart.

Bertam. Die with your servant as may be your will. My last breath shall bless you. But my troubled confidence orders me, in terms more dreadful than your oath, to ensure the salvation of my soul. As yet your children may do penance for their sin, and through temporal labours ascend to spiritual bliss. But tell me, what can I answer, when your son appears before the dread tribunal of the Judge, and thus accuses me? "This man was privy to it. He revealed the imposture we met. He robbed me of the only means by which my soul could have been rescued from damnation."

Hugo. Hear me, Bertam. Will there be any, if my son, when told of all, should think as I do?

Bertam.—(scrupulously.)—Then—perhaps—I might—

Hugo. Go then, and send him hither.

Bertam. How! Would you—

Hugo. I will myself disclose ~~the~~ ^{the} secret to him; but, at that without a witness. Be thou at hand, and wait till called.

Bertam.—(As he leaves the scene.)—Oh, all ye saints! Have pity on a poor old man, bending beneath the weight of conscience! [Goes.]

Hugo. Loathsome the cursed train of superstition! But what man I expect in this approaching hour! Theobald must be wiser, ere I venture the discovery. Should he be so weak as to prefer the dogmas of a monk to the everlasting law of nature—should he—hand and heart too be swayed by bigots, let my

might be silent, and let Bertram die. 'Tis better that one, already on the brink of the grave, should be a victim to his blindness, than that any whole race should fall a sacrifice to prejudice, and sink for ever.

Enter BEN THROBOLD.

Throbald. You have sent for me, my father.

Hugo. My son, I have a tale to tell you. I have much to say to thee. I tell thee that among the usual, and common, and ordinary things, there are many things that are not so to be had, as they are to be had. I have a tale to tell thee, that is not so to be had, as they are to be had.

Throbald. Tell me, my father. At Warrin and Regensburg. Both times in presence of our Emperor.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Hast thou ever been engaged in honourable quarrels, and acquitted them all well because a knight?

Throbald. Thrice for my friends, and for myself but once.

Hugo. Why that once, and against whom?

Throbald. Against Conrad of Rudolshelm. His servants had been guilty of disorders in a neighbouring village, had forced a woman and destroyed a house, and he refused reparation.

Hugo. When didst thou make a peace with him?

Throbald. When he was conquered.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Hast thou never lost thy shield?

Throbald. Never, my father.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Hast thou any wounds?

Throbald. Five.

Hugo. All on thy breast?

Throbald.—(Mutter hurt)—All, my father—

(With earnest heat.)—In the abbey of Emswold hangs a hostile banner: I placed it there.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Who instructed thee in arms?

Thredolt. My uncle.

Hugo. Who conferred knighthood on thee?

Thredolt. Duke Henry, the Lion, of Brunswick.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Thus far 'tis all right well. Embrace me.

Thredolt.—*(Embracing him.)*—And now, my father—

Hugo. Hold! Our account is not yet settled. How long is it since thy mother died?

Thredolt. Nine years—She expired in my arms, and was buried with the bones of our fathers.

Hugo.—*(Turning away.)*—Margaretta!—*(To Thredolt.)*—Did she die calmly?

Thredolt. Calmly and full of hope. She died in the last word. She blessed yourself and me—*(Extremely moved.)*—Oh, my father! Will you open all my wounds afresh?

Hugo. 'Tis well. Who gave thee instructions in religion?

Thredolt. Father Bernard, a monk of the Premonstratens.

Hugo. This is not well. Which of thy duties is to thee most sacred?

Thredolt. My father, I have not considered this. To me they are all sacred.

Hugo. Right, my son, but not all of equal weight. Duty towards God is the first duty—next honour—then love—and then the church. Or, askest thou no distinction between God and the church?

Thredolt. The church is in the place of God.

Hugo. But it is not always the mouth of God.—Hear me, my son. Review and ponder my discourse. After sixty years of cool experience, a father now addresses his only, his beloved son, whose happiness will ever be his warmest wish.

To-day, or to-morrow, I may be gone. With a lie upon my tongue I daunt not look into eternity.—*Heave me, ye spirits of my ancestors! You I summon, as witnesses of the truth. Strike me with icy numbness, and spit sharp venom on me, if this last branch receive destructive doctrines from me:—**(Kneels down.)—*and Thou, Eternal Being, whom I worship, take from me the bitterness of this hour, and let it overtake me on my death-bed! Praise be unto thee that I have found him an intrepid knight: but let me find him likewise resolutely steadfast—with a heart equal to his courage!—Let me find him true towards prejudice—true towards love and honour.

Firebold. Your discourse, dear father—

Magn. My son, more than three hundred years are passed away, since Hans of Wulfingen built this castle. He was the first of all our race, whose own valour guided on his him the sword of brightness. Our Emperor Conrad, first dubbed him in the year nine hundred and twelve, upon the very field where he had shed his blood, in fighting for his native country against Hungary. He married Waltrud of Sickingen, and from love, towards her, he called this castle Wulfingen. He was slain in a quarrel for an insult—*(He looks at his sword.)—*and when he died, he left behind him a son, —*(Points to the portrait of his son.)—* Hans of Wulfingen, a knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece. He was tried and found guilty of treason by the sword. He was afterwards publicly affirmed the accusation to be true and trueman. *(Points to the third portrait.)—*His son, Marcellian of Wulfingen married, at some jovial banquet, the image of the Virgin Mary, which worked miracles at Kemerick, was a pious fraud. He was, in consequence, secretly assassinated by the instigation of

the monks.—*(Pointing to the fourth picture.)*—His son, Henry of Wulfingen, not profiting by the example of his father, dared to utter some unbecoming words, against the Pope's authority, was subjected to the ban, and forsaken by his friends, died broken-hearted.—*(Pointing to the fifth picture.)*—His son, Albert of Wulfingen, fearful and weak, loses the example of his father, and the education of a monk, gave half his fortune to the cloister, endowed the church with many of his best possessions, died with a relique in his hand, and was almost canonized.—*(Pointing to the sixth picture.)*—His son, Herman of Wulfingen, went on an excursion to convert the heathens to our christian faith. His heart betrayed him. He became attached to a fair heathen, and was compelled to leave her, because she continued faithful to the idolatry of her forefathers. He married Maria of Nimero, who bore one son, but ill supplied in him the place of the good heathen. He arrived at a discontented old age, and died.—*(Pointing to the seventh picture.)*—My grandfather, Otto of Wulfingen, from some long unthought resentment, was assailed by three villains of the house of Leiningen, as he was returning, somewhat weary, from the chase. They slew him, and took refuge in a Benedictine cloister, where, for a sum of money, they were pardoned in the name of God, and not a mortal dared to bring an accusation.—*(Pointing to the eighth picture.)*—My father, Frideric of Wulfingen, wishing to revenge his father's death, and engaged in a just cause, struck a lay-brother of the Benedictines, was subjected to the ban, excommunicated, and died in misery. Well can I recollect the grief of my poor mother! But of that no more.—I myself, my son, I myself have completed the number of unhappy beings, whom superstition has plunged into destruction. I am not ashamed to tell thee, that, for one moment, I have been a villain—

and what man is without such moments? One only wicked deed has been to me the source of endless agony. Thy mother was a good woman, though beauty was not her inheritance. She loved me, while I was but her friend. It was not in my power to press her with ardour to my bosom. For her I seldom felt desire, and often avoided her embraces. Whether she were ever conscious of what passed within me, I am ignorant. She herself—(O! reward her for it!) she herself never uttered one harsh word to me, never received me with a frown, and *steered* from me my whole respect. But this was all.—My love—(Sighs.)—I must disclose it as a warning to my son—my love was oft bestowed on prostitutes, and every woman but my wife inflamed my passions. Once, on a parching summer's day, I met a lovely creature in the field. Her name was Rosamond. She was an orphan. She had nothing left in this wide world, except her beauty—and of that, I robbed her.—Then start'st! Thou shudder'st! Right my son! Let this moment never be erased from thy remembrance. Heaven is my witness I had ever been an upright man—except in this one instance. Dost thou see the tear that starts into my eye? Of these I have shed millions, yet each will wound my soul as if it were the first. The poor creature bore a girl in secret, and expired. I entrusted the unhappy trust of my transgression to an ignorant host. *Those girls* had lately been delivered of a dead child. He secreted the secret, and reared the forsaken being as his own daughter.—My power of mind was gone. In motion, or on my pillow, the pale image of my Rosamond was floating in my sight. In motion, or on my pillow, her dying groans assailed my ear. To regain tranquillity, I vowed an expedition to the Holy Land against the Saracens, forsook my wife,

my child, and country, to follow our Emperor Frederick the Redbeard, and in the name of God to murder men, who never had offended me. Oh as I plunged my sword into the vitals of a Saracen, I fancied that his blood would cleanse me from my sin. In vain! I writhed myself in anguish on the holy tomb. In vain! I imposed severe penance on myself, and went through many a weary pilgrimage. In vain! Her scourge, her absolution, could avail to cure the vigorous sting of conscience. At length, I was dangerously wounded in a skirmish, and taken prisoner by the Sultan of Babylon. There, for twenty years, I languished in the fetters of the Infidel, till at last, with other Knights, I was ransomed by the Emperor of the Greeks. Weary of a delusive world, full of anxious wishes to behold my family idolatrous, I took a pilgrim's staff, and am, this day, returned—I find my wife no more, and my daughter—(*Kerily riveting her eye upon his son*)—in the arms of her brother.

Threshold.—(*Pierced with horror.*)—Thunder of Heaven!—(*After a pause, during which he is agitated by the full force of this discovery.*)—Oh, my wife! My children!

Hugo.—(*Slowly moving him, aside.*)—’Tis well.—Speak, my son! What wilt thou do!

Threshold. Take my life, or let me have my Adelaide.

Hugo. Impossible! Then know’st the prohibition of the Almighty.

Threshold. Then let the Almighty punish me. Why did’st thou suffer me to feel affection for her! I cannot lose her.

Hugo. Dost thou not tremble at the rigour of our church?

Threshold. I laugh at its rigour and its ban. He that robs me of my wife, can plunge me in no deeper misery.

Hugo. Thou must renounce her. I command it.

Threshold. I cannot, my father.

Hugo. My curse be upon them!

Threshold. I cannot, my father.

Hugo. The curse of thy mother be upon thee,
from her grave!

Threshold. And if every stone should curse me,
every gust of wind should breathe damnation on
me, I cannot not.—I cannot.—She is my all.—
And my children—

Hugo. 'Tis well. 'Tis right well. Embrace me,
my son.

Threshold.—*(Astonished.)*—How, my father!

Hugo. Heaven be praised! Their duty fulfilled
my every hope. Be at ease. I wished to prove
thy sentiments. Adelaide is thy sister, but there-
fore is not less thy wife. Were such a marriage, in
such circumstances, awful before God, He would
have planted natural abhorrence in the hearts of
both. What is wholesome to society at large, is
not always a law for a solitary person. Be of
good courage then, my son, trust in God, love thy
wife, endeavour to make thy children honest, and
deserve the life-long, which, in this house, from the
folks of my heart, I bestow upon thee.

Threshold. Heaven! My father! My dear, good
father! You awake me to new life. You entered to
me my name. Alas! They were almost gone for ever.

Hugo. Yet must Adelaide suspect nothing of all
this. A woman's nerves would be too weak for
such a shock. In a woman's soul superstition is
too deeply rooted. She would for ever think her-
self the vilest woman, and by pious phantasies con-
tinue her own days, as well as those hard days. Let
her be, as hitherto, the daughter of old Bertram,
and, except ourselves and him, let no one ever divi-
nate the secret. Where is he, that he may enter
into this our bond, and chain his oath to ours?
Come nearer, Bertram. [Opens the door.

Enter BENTHAM.

—(*Seizes his hand.*)—Old man, congratulate me. I am now secure in safety at my children's happiness.

Theobald.—(*Embracing him.*)—Though thou art not the father of my Adelaide, I never shall forget, that to thy instructions I am obliged for my good, my faithful wife.—

Bentham.—(*Still almost sorrowful.*)—Then, you know all?

Hugo. All! All! You have not seen her since. The pain was on me, on him.

Theobald. Away with me, I have not a moment's rest out of the quiet, but I have not forgotten all, and you must not think me false.

Hugo. Leave me, I have not a moment's rest.—If I can. You are the poor's upright knight. You cannot wish to rob me of my children.

Hugo. The Almighty Ruler of the universe is witness how firmly I believe, that we are not wandering in the path of darkness.—(*Draws his sword.*)—Come hither to me. Lay your hands upon this sword, and repeat my oath of everlasting secrecy.—(*Theobald repeats the oath with a firm, and bentham with a tremulous voice.*)—By God and all his saints I swear, that this tongue never shall reveal the birth of Adelaide. If I break this oath—may the dread punishments of perjury be on my head—may no remission of my sin afford me rest—may the horrors of my conscience pursue me wherever I am driven by despair—may they scourge on my death-bed, and rack me in my last agony, that I may in vain attempt to pray, in vain desire to die—may no sacrament, no priestly blessing be able to absolve me from this oath!—The grave, which, one day, will contain my bones, shall be the grave of this my

secret. This I swear, as I hope for mercy from my God! Amen.—*Rebukes his sword into the scabbard.*—“To done. Embrace me, both of you. The consolation of repose, which has, for three and twenty years, been foreign to this bosom, returns to-day. The prospect of happiness in my declining days now opens to my view. My heart is light and gay. Every thing around me wears a lovelier aspect. Come, my son. Come to the arms of my unfeeling daughter. [*Leaves Hugo and Theobald*]

this abomination. No lightning has been launched upon the castle. No doom has spread destruction through the hush of Wulfrigen. The husband, who is brother, the wife, sister, the fruits of incest—all are alive, awake each morning to some new delight, alone with cheerful joy, a true great Christian, and as yet no mark of Heaven's displeasure has fallen on them. God had a mark for traitors: why not too for incest? Judicious watch! Thurst thou across the long-suffering of thy Maker! Darest thou squench into his secret ways? Answer! Has not the Almighty given thee speech, perhaps that thou mightest be the instrument to end this abomination? And wouldst thou be silent? Think on thy live moments, when thou shalt sigh for consolation, when the lady priest shall demand account of all thy sins, and ere thou may'st be able to repeat it, some evil spirit grasp thy throat—when thou shalt long for the sacrament, and receive it but to overflowing damnation—when thou shalt be put with all thy sins upon thy head, and be dragged by demons to the dread tribunal of the Mighty.—Avenge compassion, and avenge all that be mine! I must save my soul! I must save my soul! The weight of racks is thrown upon me! The unbottomable gulph is gaping at my feet!—(Kneels upon his knees.)—Holy Virgin, pray for me.

Cyriacus enters the Saloon.

Cyriacus. The Lord be with thee, pious Bertram.

Bertram. You are sent by the Lord, reverend father.

Cyriacus. What ails thee? Thy eyes tell horribly, as if some heavy sin weighed down thy conscience.

Bertram. Aha! the tempter has tormented me.

Cyriacus. Then throw thyself into the bosom of the church, and thou shalt be at ease. What thou afflicts the soul?

Bertram. Reverted Sir, you are right, learned, and pious. Do a work of charity, and rid me of my scruples. You know that I lived eight years among the heathens. Many an abomination was I forced to suffer. Many a sin was I obliged to witness. And, if ever I mentioned the Almighty's forgiveness, they laughed at me, and said that reason contradicted me.

Cyprian. Bertram without faith is as a board at sea, or as an ark!

Bertram. And I am sure that I saw a couple united by a sacred tie, who had no other children. I saw a woman who had no other virtue in the world. (Would you have seen her?) I saw a man who had no other brother and no other friend.

Cyprian. How long, suffering as thou art, have the horrors of thy clouds, and belchings of liquid sulphur have not yet consumed every dwelling of desperation? And thou, old man, dearest to mortal virtues to such people—thou, who witnessly transgress the most sacred commandments of our God (thou, like the sons and daughters of men in the times of our first-father Noah, duly provide the Lord to vengeance? Dost thou not know that these warring virtues are the wiles of the devil? I know—and my heart bleeds) I see that the heathen had corrupted thee. Haste! Haste! Fly for refuge, beneath the wings of the mother church! Change thy body by fasting and mortification! *For Maria, see previous!*

Bertram.—(Very much agitated)—Then, you think, right learned Sir, that if a soul-believing christian—by chance—without knowing it—should have married his sister, such a marriage ought not to be valid.

Cyprian. Holy Norbert! Thou offendest my ear

by such a question. Incest! Scarcely does my tongue pronounce the word.

Bertram. Forgive me, reverend abbot, if I wish to drop into the bottom of this matter. Now, if for many years an union, like this, had been in the surrounding country an example of hospital and well educated children—

Cyralus. Hold! I shudder. Were, was he on the shipping of adventurous adventures! Oh, think'st thou then, that sin is less than, because the dreadful consequences are not visible to short-sighted mortals? Think'st thou that a thief is less a thief, because he walks in apparent peace upon the profits of his spoil? Who is able toathom the long-suffering of God? Who is able to avert his woe from, when he sees in launching the sweeping bolt?

Bertram. Oh, reverend Sir! Answer me but another question. What must he do, who is pory to a sin like this?

Cyralus. Go, and deliver up the guilty to offended justice, but, at the latter day, he be condemned together with them.

Abbot. But if they be his benefactors—

Cyralus. Who is his first benefactor? God. Who has the first, most sacred claim upon his duty? God.

Bertram. But if he be bound to keep this secret by an oath—

Cyralus. Who be upon him, who has, in the designs of his sin, been led away by such an oath? Has not the church alone the power to bind and to absolve? To break his oath would be the first step towards repentance.

Bertram.—(*Repeats himself, looks down.*)—Oh, reverend abbot! Here the confession of a miserable sinner.

Cyralus.—(*Observing him attentively.*)—No, Ber-

trum.—This place is not proper for the dispensations of our lord's office.

Bertram. Hear me, for God's sake, reverend Sir! You have wretched me in my most tender part! You have pierced my conscience! You have poured glowing fire through all my frame! For God's sake hear me! Alas! I—oh, if at this moment the angel of death should seize me, and I should be called to render up my spirit, laden with this weight of sin, without confession and absolution.—Oh! have compassion on me, reverend Abbot! You are a servant of the Almighty, and one day, at any time, converse with the Almighty.

Cyprian. Proceed, then.

Bertram. "Twelve some twenty years ago, then, early in the morning, Sir Hugo walked into my kin. But a few hours before, my wife had been delivered of a dead child. "Bertram," said he, as he threw back his cloak, and showed a new-born infant, "I know thy love to be honest, and I place confidence in thy honesty. Behold this girl. She is the fruit of an unhallowed bed, when I forgot the faith, which I had sworn for ever to my wife. Her mother is no more. The child is helpless. Take care of it. Let it be reared as thy own daughter. Here is money for the purpose."

Cyprian. Just Heaven! The notes fall from my eyes. This child—

Bertram. Is Adelaide.

Cyprian. The wife of her brother.

Bertram. And mother of two boys.

Cyprian. Wretch! And thou didst not hinder—

Bertram. Reverend Abbot, you sing't I was a prisoner.

Cyprian.—(Charging himself).—Is Adelaide acquainted with this dreadful story?

Bertram. She believes me to be her father.

Cyralda. Holy Virgin! Holy Knecht! What a discovery!—*(Aside.)*—Excellent! This may never.

Bertram. What think you first of doing, reverend Sir?

Cyralda.—*(With fervid leniency.)*—I am a weak mortal, like yourself. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged. I listen to the temple of the Lord, to watch the night, at the steps of the altar, and listen to the sighs of the poor in prison. Perhaps, Lord! I shall be permitted to be warmed with a fire.

Bertram.—*(With a smile.)*—But you would grieve a

Cyralda.—*(With a smile.)*—I have to-morrow after sunrise, I shall have some presence on tape, that there may be, upon a pure heart, powerful, holy sacrament.

Bertram. Willingly, oh, how willingly would I wound my back with the sharpest scourge,—would I kneel till the flesh was worn from my knees,—would I fast until my body was a skeleton,—if I thereby could rescue the unhappy pair from enslaving damnation! *(Exit.)*

Cyralda. Joy! Joy! the day is won. The period of silence now is at an end. I laugh at her regal looks. I laugh at her seductive fidelity. Shall I, like a fool, any longer shudder forth those distant words? No. With open truth will I declare my passion, these degrees of courage always will be felt, when addressing one who is not totally devoid of guilt.—Welcome, old Bertram, welcome! Hail to thy devout simplicity! It brings me nearer to the goal of my desires, than love, though armed with cunning. *(Exit.)*

Cyralda. Holy Virgin! Holy Norbert! What a discovery!—*(Aside, joy Excellent!* This may answer.

Bertram. *(To the monks.)* I have a message, reverend Sir!

Cyralda. *(To the monks.)* I am a weak woman, I am, but I shall not be judged. I will wait on the Lord, he watch, the watch of the night of the day, and choose my own way. I shall not wait. Perhaps, God may be pleased to let me be content with a revelation of his will.

Bertram. Alas then, reverend Sir, that you would grant me absolution.

Cyralda. Appear at the confession chair to-morrow after mass, and I will then impose some penance on thee, that thou may'st, with a pure heart, receive God's sacrament.

Bertram. Willingly, oh, how willingly would I wound my back with the sharpest scourges,—would I kneel till the flesh was worn from my knees,—would I fast until my body was a skeleton,—if I thereby could, receive the unhappy pair from overwhelming damnation! *[Exit.*

Cyralda. Joy! Joy! the day is won. The period of silence now is at an end. I laugh at her rigid looks. I laugh at her abashed tears. Shall I, like a fool, any longer stagger forth the distant world? No. Both upon that will declare my passion, more desperate of courage than will be felt, when addressing one who is not totally devoid of guilt.—Welcome, old Bertram, welcome! Hail to thy devout company! It brings me nearer to the goal of my desires, than love, though armed with cunning. *[Exit.*

MEET THE PANELISTS

Source: The author. System is an old hand-drawn map.

Fast Completion and Volume

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and the
please pro
and the
confusion

Goodness, goodness of heaven! You misunderstand me. Methought that to us both the time seemed long, and therefore ran my speed. The knights are sitting with full goblets, and relating tales of chivalry, and war. My gait-organ obstructs it all. My ear is more accustomed to the pulpit. You too are out of place when seated at these revels. The hoarse descriptions of stabbing, and of bowing, of mauling, and of fire, make that young tender heart. Can you then think me wrong, if, for the sake of ruder conversation, I have driven you hither?

Adrian. Did you observe how my arm began, with open mouth, hang on her Hugo's words? Did you observe how my spirit's roof sometimes fell upon my leg, when she remonstrated, in such admirable terms, her friends (being the Samovier)? I tremble with rapture to such dangerous exploits, with related by an humble knight. I feel a pleasure in the pain.—I hold my breath, and listen to his every syllable. Now, more than once, I started from my seat with

to avow your love to me—here, in the presence of God, surrounded by the spirits of my husband's ancestors, to attack that nuptial duty which I vowed in your hands!

Cyrillus. Be not enraged, fair Lady.—

Adelaide. Enraged? No. I despise you, and hate to Sir Theobald, that I may compass of the ladyship, which has so daringly been offered to the corruption of his bed.

Cyrillus.—*(Holding her attempts to go.)*—Hold, Adelaide! Ad yet my eye is beaming with affection. You know how heavily a repented passion is allied to hatred and revenge. Beware!

Adelaide. Leave me, villain! Thou art a dishonour to thy habit, and corrupt'st villainy with the venemous marts of religion.

Cyrillus.—*(Holding her fast.)*—With a single epithet I can annihilate thee.

Adelaide.—*(With a scornful smile.)*—I am not able to annihilate myself.

Cyrillus.—*(With a scornful smile.)*—I am not able to annihilate myself.

Adelaide.—*(With a scornful smile.)*—I am not able to annihilate myself.

Cyrillus.—*(With a scornful smile.)*—I am not able to annihilate myself. How need'st thou not yet be married. I need not ask thee (what shall I call him?) father-in-law. At once wife and mother-in-law are as well mother. A goodly family, in truth!

Adelaide. Forget not, Sir, that you must render full account of what you now declare.

Cyrillus.—*(With a scornful smile.)*—Why not? Do you suppose that there is any want of proofs? One word may suffice. You are the offspring of a happy hour, in which Sir Hugo revelled on the chariot of some poor wretch. Heirum was but your foster-father. The brothers carried him away, and you became your brother's wife.

Adelaide. This is too much. Remember that I am a wife and mother : that you are plunging a soul into despair. Retract your dreadful declaration, or produce some testimony of its truth.

Cyrillus. Are you not satisfied with the confession of old Bertram, which he, tormented by his conscience, has entrusted to my ear?

Adelaide. Heavens! It is not—cannot be.

Cyrillus. 'Tis even thus, fair Lady. Yet need you feel no fear, while I remain, your friend. Collect yourself. All may yet be well.—Away with that rigid look! Learn to kneel and soften my heart. You can no longer be Sir Theobald's wife. I must report what has happened to the holy choir at Home, but you will know, that all depends upon the mode in which I report it. I will excise, that instead of being punished, you shall be fled in the neighbouring monastery of Siquan, for your life. This monastery, my brethren *Adelaide*, by a supernatural visit, connected with my abbey. The abbess is my friend. You shall meet nothing, and your affectionate *Cyrillus* will restore himself a happy man, in sweetening your solitary hours.

Adelaide. Sons of misery! Hence, thou infernal hypocrite! Reverse my misery. Reverse the sufferings of virtue! Thou never shalt degrade me to a devil unworthy of that ill.

Cyrillus. Exemplate me not. Remember that your fate rests in my hands.

Adelaide. Nay, in the hands of God.

Cyrillus. Do you still resist my love? Are you determined to drag me by compulsion to a vengeance the most horrible?

Adelaide. Repose, villain! Obey the devil whom thou serveest.

Cyrillus. Enough! Alas you are deaf to the voice of a friend, hearken to the priest of God. In the name of the Crucified, I pronounce damnation on

you! In the name of the church, I pronounce its ban upon you! Cursed be Theobald, and his infamous wife! Cursed be their children—and their children's children! Let no true Christian have compassion on their impugned souls! Let fire and water be denied them! Let the Roman empire! Let him who dares to touch them! Let this execrable and detestable abomination, be devoted to the flames, and be trampled upon another! Let the bones of the dead be broken as his rock! Let him who dares to touch the infant be crushed together to a pile of mud, and vomit forth those fatal words amidst the flames, to the glory of God's omnipotence! Then, headstrong lying, when the fire shall have reached thy hair, and when the smoke already shakes thy utterance, thou shalt be vain for further and relief to the despised Kyrieles. With the same of twisted re-venged I'll live to thee, and withdraw the glowing coils, to fast upon thy hapless sufferings.

[Exit.

Adriana. Heaven! What is the meaning of all this!—My jailing father—My head wounds—I cannot yet conceive the horrors of my situation. I dream all a dream, and look around me for some kind soul, who can relieve me from it. But in vain! Which ever way I look—be here—or there—some pair is standing with a ghastly grin. Bertram's dubious conduct now too plainly verifies the dire misfortune—Oh! From the source of happiness and peace, thus, in a moment, plunged into the bottomless abyss of doubt and pain! Nor I alone—My husband—Children!—Heaven! My children!—Is there then no possibility of saving them? Will not one sacrifice made for all to God and to the church?—I am ready.—I'll fly into the desert—waste my life in dreary solitude—mourn in distant climes—mercy only, mercy on Theobald, and his guiltless

children! On me alone fell the vengeance of the Lord! Against me alone, who, forgetful of myself, dared to exchange the lowly cottage for the grandeur of the castle, be the arm of the Lord stretched out—not against him, that generous youth, who, in the fulness of affection, led a poor orphan to his bridal chamber, and now finds the *grave* of his repose in the arms of his sister!—

YOUNG ADELAIDE, through sight and darkness.—Hark! Hark! they wounded her no longer;—they cannot do it—*Anger to death!*—Bury thyself

in the earth, that he may never hear of thee!—*Anger to death!*—All in vain! This hypocrite, this traitor, has thrown a curse upon my name, and upon my children. A mother's curse is a curse that cannot be contented with.

He will not be contented with me. He will annihilate me, and all that I love!—*Oh! To whom may I, without my sword, my sword!*—But wait! *Who comes?*

—*Way! Way into the garden! Every one, who dwells within this castle, is a companion of my guilt.—Is she at home, the princess?* Bertram, *and others, are charged with the message.*

Bertram. *Oh! The unhappy woman known already! I have heard of her name, and endeavoured to revive her. — My daughter! My dear daughter!*

Adelaide. *(Bertram says.)*—Ah! Repeat that name! Give me life or death!—Desires given more, I am your daughter. *Bertram silently raises her.—(Sits in a seat apart.)—Come hither, father! It was thus. Was it not?—And now, is full of passion. For—wasn't it not? Were they not, my father!—(Bertram is silent.)—You do not answer. Perhaps you do not think myself important. He has dared to say that I am not your daughter—and I love you so tenderly!—(Bertram attempts to speak, but cannot.)—You want to speak. I understand you. 'Tis silly to torment myself for such a reason. Your Adelaide is but a child.—(Bertram*

throws his arms round her neck, and sobs.)—With what affection do you share your daughter's grief? Who can now doubt that you are my father?—Peace! Peace! Turn, but a phantom! 'Tis past; and I am well again.—*(Retreats back, and sobs.)* His hands, and press to mine.)—He is pressing, I ought not to disturb him. But my heart! My heart! It will burst from my bosom.—Is it father? Let me only hear you say so!—*(Alone.)* What one single syllable would I have said to him?—My alarm is fully, yes!

(Bernard enters.)—Good Heaven!—*(Bernard.)*—You will run danger, if you stay here any time, you headstrong girl, coming with your hands on me!—Dear child, think of your mother!—Call me your dear father, and I will, but if that will not do, I will—your peace I will—*(Bernard.)*—I repeat this, *(Bernard.)*—Starting her into me!—*(Bernard.)*—I will speak to—*(Bernard.)*—Shaking him, and saying, I will not see my daughter!—

Bernard.—No. Then art thou—*(Adelaide.)*—No, I am not!—*(Bernard.)*—Oh, God!—*(Adelaide.)*—[*She sobs.*]

Bernard.—*Re-enter Bernier, with a glass of port.*—The cup is empty to its last drop. I'll follow her. Despite has hurried her away, and may perhaps find her to the edge of some steep precipice, or to the river's brink. I'll follow her, and, if my search be vain, plunge after her. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Hugo, Sir THEOBALD, and CYRILLUS.

Hugo.—*(In a jovial humour.)*—How, reverend Abbot, could you vanish thus, ere you had pledged a welcome to me, in a goblet, ornamented with my arms? You pious men are not, in general, prone to wine.

Cyrillus. Wine cheers the heart of man. My heart is bleeding, and is dead to every joy.

Hugo. Bleeding! What may have happened to it?

Cyrillus. The agonisations of the world have wounded it.

Hugo. Oh! Think not of them. The world will neither go worse nor better than it did a thousand years since, and will neither thousand hence. It turns round, sufferables more good and bad. The bad we presently remember there as its day.

Cyrillus. Sir Knight, detain me not. The bell has rung for repairs.

Hugo. No longer than it is need to present you with some gifts, which I collected for your abbey, when at Palestine—A thorn twig from the cross of Christ, green and unwithered; a splinter of the holy cross, on which a drop of blood has fallen, that will and is able to wash off; and a piece of the garment, for which the soldiers contended. Enter, and receive these reliques from the hands of my son.

Cyrillus. Not thus has, nor from your hands, Sir Knight.

Hugo. Not—Well—as you please. What has entered your head now?

Cyrillus. Have you patience to hear me?

Hugo. Yes, if you be not too tedious. For the wine sparkles in the cup.

Cyrillus. Stretched at midnight, sleepless in my

cell, I felt a strange oppression on my breast, and big drops stood upon my clay-cold brow.

Hugo. You had eaten too much before you went to bed.

Cyrielus. Scelfer! Know that I speak in the name of the Almighty. Already I had prepared to leave my couch, and enter on some penance, when suddenly a more than mortal light illuminated my cell. I lifted up my eyes, and lo, the angel of the Lord stood before me in snow-white raiment. His forehead was encircled with a cloud. In his right hand he held a sword. Then I fell down on my face and prayed.

Hugo.—(Smiling).—Well! What said the heavenly messenger?

Cyrielus.—(Significantly).—He said: "Among thy flock are tainted sheep, and upon the hand of the shepherd shall I require their souls in the last day."

Hugo. Was that all?

Cyrielus.—(Still more significantly).—He said: "Sin has lifted up her head. The seed of destruction has taken root. The dark ages, which wait before the flood, are come again."

Hugo. Well! Further!

Cyrielus.—(Directing his eyes upon him).—He said: "Men have betrayed the holy law of chastity. They are become the seducers of innocence, and have given their daughters to be wives unto their sons."—(Hugo and Thibault are dumb-struck).—Now, Sir Knight! Why thus amazed! Whether is your sportive scoffing turning sad? Will you hear more? He said: "Arise! arm thyself with the church's ban. Report this abomination to the sacred representative of Saint Peter, that he may smite the incestuous wife from her brother's arms, that he may destroy all, which has been generated

in the lap of sin, that he may utterly extinguish this race, which is a shame, unto the righteous, that he may give both the root and branches to the flames, and scatter the ashes to the four winds of Heaven." [Exit.

Hugo.—(After a pause.)—We are left, my son. God has given us into the hands of a blood-thirsty monk.

Threshold. Heavens! How is it possible—

Hugo. How!—Bertouin is prepared—that is evident. The appearance of the angel is a pious fraud.

Threshold. Thus shall this sword be plunged into the heavy water's—

Hugo. Hold, my son!—First rescue, then revenge.

Threshold. Alas! How is rescue possible! He is gone, to bellow forth our wretched story, poisoned with all his recour, to the fanatic priests in Rome. Nothing now remains but to close the gates of our castle, and fight till its huge walls shall fall upon our heads.

Hugo. No, my son. That part only travelling rashness. The Roman church will call on every knight throughout the empire. All our neighbours, friends, relations, must direct their arms against us. What canst thou oppose to such a force?

Threshold. Revolution to die. Revolution with this hand to slay my wife and children, and then to bury myself beneath the ruins of our castle.

Hugo. 'Tis well. I rejoice to find thou art a man.—Be this our last resource.

Threshold. Our last and only resource. I hasten to make preparations, to provide ourselves with victuals, to repair our walls, collect my followers—

Hugo. Be not so rash, my son.—(Reflecting.)—Has fate, then, left no other means?

Threshold. None but ignominious flight.

Hugo. Ignominious? Why ignominious? Is a hero less courageous, if he forsake the uncertain

light of an oak, because the approaching lightning threatens to rend it from its base?

Albrecht. Enough! let us fly. Let us turn our backs upon this castle, and, in some distant country, seek a hut large enough to hold a loving couple, and small enough to escape the eyes of our pursuers.—Heavens! What a thought darts across my mind!—*Mistral!*—Honest old Mistral!—*(Draws out the huff of the rug.)*—My father, this token of hospitality was given me by a hermit. Little did I imagine I so soon should use it.

Hugo. No, my son. Flight brings us no nearer to our purpose,—*peace*. Flight is impossible, at least as long as least as *Adelaide* is unprepared. What pretence could'st thou urge for her following thee? To conceal the truth from her would be impossible, and to disclose it, highly dangerous. Thou know'st my thoughts upon this subject. She is a woman.

Albrecht. True—but a woman far above her sex; noble and exalted in her sentiments, pious without superstition; steadfast, and resolute in danger. And do you reckon nothing on her love for me?

Hugo. Ah, my son. But thou know'st not how firmly prejudices, which have been instilled in childhood, are rooted in the soul of women, and the more firmly, the less they are loosened by an acquaintance with the world. Hast thou not to-day confessed to me, thyself, that it was only the last bloody course of desecration, which had proved to thee the cruelty and injustice of enclosures for our church? No! I have hit upon another plan. Thou know'st, then, to defray the expenses of my journey to the Holy Land, I had mortgaged Rappach and Simsim to the abbey. Let us find the abbot, and, in the price of money, make him a full redemption of these two villages. The annuity of a

print will secure to us what God's longer
 never will tolerate.

Threshold. But how, if he refuse?—

Hugo. 'Twill then be soon enough to think of
 other means. Come! Let us haste, ere, in the
 rage of blind fanatics, he has roused, against us,
 the whole body of the church.—*(As he goes.)*—
 Fool that I was, to think that I could bribe a monk
 with reliques! As if they wanted help to make as
 many as they pleased!— *[Exit.*

*The stage remains clear for a few minutes. ADELAIDE, with dishevelled hair, downcast head,
 and cheeks pale as death, slowly enters the alcove.*

*A wild rolling of her eyes, and, at intervals, a
 faint contracted smile, betray the absence of her
 reason.*

Adelaide. Still am I left alone.—Every living
 creature shuns me.—I was in the garden:—The
 birds flew from me:—Not a butterfly came near
 me:—Every flower I touched sank shrivelled to
 the ground.—I looked towards Heaven:—The sun
 withdrew behind a cloud.—What is to become
 of me!—I am the most desolate wretch on earth.—
 Who will have pity on me!—*(Looking wildly at
 the picture.)*—What men are there around me,
 with sword girt at their sides!—All stare at me,
 —and yet they shun me from their scabbards.
 —*(Kneeling before the picture, weeping piteously.)*—
 Have compassion on me, thou, that lookest so
 sternly!—Not the wrath of a woman's!—Or, if thou
 think thy sword too noble to be stained by my in-
 nocent blood, lift up that foot, and, with its iron
 armour, tread on my neck, as on a poisonous worm.
 —I ask in vain!—Tis my doom to linger here, to
 pray to all the agencies of conscience.—If I could

but pray—if any one should but pray for me....
 Where are my children?—(Shuddering.)—Children! Have I children?—Have I a husband?—I am not a mother.—I cannot be a mother.—What I have borne has been the brood of hell. Satan's grin was mingled with the first smile of my babes.—Guide them hither, great Avenger, that I may sprinkle their sunny walks with their brains, collect their scattered bones, consume their bones with fire, and give them to the hurricane, to sweep the dust aloft.—*Stole exhausted upon a seat.—A pause.*—Where am I?—My eyes are dim.—Methinks it must be evening.—All is so still—so still!—No bird is singing.—Not a gust is humming.—The sun sets.—To-morrow, perhaps, he will throw his earliest beams upon my grave, and kiss a tear from my dear brother's cheek.—Where will they dig my grave?—Beneath the lime-trees towards the East?—Oh, no!—Among the nettles, under the wall of our churchyard.—They will fix a small black cross upon it.—“The Lord have mercy on her soul!”—Yes.—Dir—! I will die—! and my poor children. Without him I cannot live, with him I must not live.—God will judge us. He will cleanse their stained souls for millions of years in purgatory, and, at last, receive the penitents among his angels.—The men deserve.—To die!—No evil spirit has inspired that thought.—(A knock.)—Holy mother of God! Behold, a sinister knock! knock! there in the dust! Mercifully deign to look upon me, and if the dark design of death, which broods within my soul, be not the delusion of my own brain, or the instigation of the tempter, oh, executest some miracle to me, thy handmaid! Steal my breast, serve my hand, and arm me with some instrument of murder, that I may discover thou art with me!

Enter WILLIBALD and OTTOMAR.

Willibald.—*(With a dagger in his hand.)*—Mother! Mother! Look at this dagger!—My grandfather took it from the Saracens.—See, how it glitters!

Adelaide.—*(Dreadfully alarmed.)*—I am heard.

Willibald. Only look, mother, only look.

—*(Adelaide rises trembling, stares at Willibald, walks slowly to him, as if hesitating to catch something by surprise, and snatches the dagger from his hand.)*—

—*(Startled.)*—Dear mother, it's sharp.

Adelaide. Is it so?—*(She looks wildly at the dagger, at the children, and then again at the dagger. The dagger's fire withers eyes into tears. She leaves drop signs, and at length sobs.)*

Ottomar.—*(Crying to her and striving.)*—Dear mother, what's the matter?

Willibald. Are you ill, dear mother?

Adelaide. Ill, very ill—weak, very weak. Bless and comfort of the Crucifix, complete thy miracle! Oh, strengthen me!

Ottomar.—*(Pushes Willibald sorrowfully.)*—Come, brother!

Willibald. Come, and let us pray for my mother.

[Going.]

Adelaide.—*(Rapidly intercepting their way.)*—Whither would you go?—Back!—*(Drags them to the front of the stage.)*—Back!—*(Spurns of hell.)*—This arm is consecrated by the Lord!—Ah!—Ye shall not escape it. Damning strength is given to this hand! Tremble! Your hour is come.

Ottomar.—*(Crying behind Willibald.)*—Oh, brother, what does she mean?

Willibald. Dear mother, my father will be coming soon. Let us go to meet him.

Adelaide. Father, aid'st thou?—Who is thy father?—Ha! Viper!—Hast thou still reared it to my mind?—*(Lifts her arm.)*—Hold! Come hither, Willwald.—Come hither, Ottomar.—Tell me—have you said your prayers to-day?

Both. O yes, dear mother.

Adelaide. What was your prayer?

Willwald. That God would be merciful to us.

Adelaide.—*(Bursts into tears.)*—God be merciful to you!

Ottomar. You're crying, dear mother.

Adelaide. Anger me further. Have you, since you said your prayers, done nothing wrong?

All three. I've done nothing wrong, I am sure, mother.

Ottomar.—*(Sighing.)*—I—I took a bird's egg from one of the village boys. I am very sorry for it.

Adelaide. Kneel down, and beg God's forgiveness.

Ottomar.—*(Kneels.)*—God will forgive me; for I'll give him all the first rent I find.

Adelaide.—*(In a tremor.)*—There!—'Tis done!—The moment is arrived.—Guide my arm, Oh God! Let me but reach the heart at once—that I may not see the struggle—that I may not hear the groans.—Flee! Flee! Quack!—*(She flies at Willwald with the uplifted dagger, falls at his feet, deprived of strength. The dagger falls from her hand. She thrusts her arms round the children, presses them close to her heart, and weeps bitterly.)*

Both.—*(Hanging on her neck, and cursing her.)*—Dear mother!

Adelaide. In vain does the stern sense of duty exact the murder of these sweet innocents. They are the fruit of infamy, an abomination both to God and man.—Look, ye immovable judges, look at

this golden smiling face. If Satan be concealed behind this mask, no wonder he so easily seduces sinners. This child has robbed another of an egg; this is the heaviest transgression, and he hourly repents it.

Ottomar. I do indeed, dear mother.

Adelaide. He has prayed too, this morning. His was not the prayer of a vile dissembling monk. It was that pure prayer, which God has prepared for himself, from the mouths of infants. No—in the eye of God you are forgiven—yea, and your parents; for they knew not what they did. Come, children. Help your mother to seek consolation in your father's arms.—*(As she is going, she suddenly starts trembling back.)—*Woe be upon me! What am I about to do? Some infernal spirit is trying to delude me,—is trying to rob me of my last and only consolation—happiness hereafter. Till now I have been ignorant, and the mercy of my Judge will pardon me. But the next minute must be eternal death.—In vain does the tempter whisper to me, " 'Tis but fraternal love. A sister sure may clasp a brother to her heart." Begone; ye hurt to sin! I cannot command my heart. 'Tis the heart of a fond loving wife,—a sister's love is foreign to it.—God has passed his heaviest denunciation upon incest. Did not the Abbot say this? Had he not cursed me and my children? Did not the Holy Virgin arm me by a miracle? Was it not the finger of the High-est, which pointed at the sacrifice, ordained to be offered to him, by my hands?—Oh, temporal and eternal welfare of my children, the most sacred of a mother's cares, what will become of you, if, in this hour, my strength forsake me?—Come nearer, my pretty ones. Tell me what you mean to do, should you ever become men?

Walbold. I'll be a brave knight, like my father.

16. (She strikes him in the breast several times.)—

Ottomar.—(Strikes the wound with both hands, and creeps towards her, on his knees.)—Oh, mother—*Oh—poor—little—Ottomar.*—

Adelaide. Away, husband!—(Strikes him once more—he falls, dead there.)—Hut! That was well aimed!—That hit the vital part!—His moves no more!—Not one more sigh!—Triumph! Triumph! I have torn them from the jaws of death.—There they hover, hand-in-hand. Their voice is hymns of praise, their crimson lips.—Triumph! Triumph! I laugh at the church's ban, and at its threats.—The sacrifice is offered. God looked down well pleased. (Throws the dagger from her.)—Away! Away to chapel!—Away in supplication and thanksgiving! (Spies blood upon her hands.)—Hut!—This is blood.—Thus I dare not pass the thresholds of the temple. Thus stained with blood, I dare not sprinkle myself with consecrated water, nor strike the robes of the holy cross upon my bosom.—I will wash myself.—I will go down to the well, where my beloved went.—(Stumbles against Willbold.)—What is this?—Gently! Gently!—Hut!—The children are asleep.—Oh, that I may not have been too loud!—See! this poor boy must have some horrid dream.—His mouth seems convulsed, as if he were in pain.—Poor child!—The goats will not suffer him to sleep.—They have stung him till he screams.—Stop! Stop!—(Tears off her veil and covers Willbold.)—There, little slumberer! Sleep in peace!—But what have I left for this!—Is not my veil large enough to cover both?—Why do you lie at such a distance from each other, as if some storm had cast you hither?—Let me bring them close to each other.—Gently—softly—that they may not wake.—

(She carefully lifts up the body of Ottomar, lays it near that of his brother, kneels, covers both with the veil, and is busy in observing on every side that no spyward is hidden.)

Enter Sir HUGO and Sir THOROLD.

Thorold. What art thou doing, Adelaide?

Adelaide. Hush! Hush! I have sung the boys to sleep.

(She raises the veil, and discovers the bloody bodies.)—

Thorold. Jesus Maria!

(He staggers backward to the nearest pillar, against which he leans, without strength. His whole frame quakes. His countenance is horribly convulsed. His eyes are riveted upon the bodies, and he sheds not a tear.)—

Hugo. Heavens!—Too late!—Wretched being! What hast thou done?

Adelaide.—*(With the smile and air of innocence.)—* I sang a pious hymn.—The Holy Virgin taught me.—and, while I sang, the sweet boys dropped asleep.

Hugo. Alas! She roves!

Adelaide. Hush!—Speak lower, grey-beard.—I'll go into the garden.—I'll pluck flowers—violets, roses, pinks, and lilies.—I'll scatter them upon my cherubs—now, when they wake—with pleasant odours round them, they will know their mother with a kiss for all her care.—Oh down here, old man—there are hot sunny breaths—wind down the veil—no ray must come near to sting them.—Hush!—In a moment I return.—*[Flies away.]*

Hugo.—*(After a pause—looks at his son—then at the bodies—and then towards Heaven.)—*Almighty

240 ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. ACT II.

God! Oh let this sacrifice to superstition and
man be the last, and receive these guiltless soul
among thy holy host of angels!

*(He looks, and turns the children. The con-
tinue fall.)*—

240 ADELAÏDE OF WULSINGEN. ACT IV.

God! Oh let this sacrifice to superstitious mad-
ness be the last, and receive these gallant souls
among thy holy host of angels!

—(*He kneels, and kisses the children. The curtain falls.*)—

END OF VOL. IV.



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